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ARRANGED

By J. V. PRICHARD.


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	M.	F.		M.	F.
141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3	1	124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch.....	2	
73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5			111. Deeds of Darkuess, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act.....	6	1
107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	6	2	139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc. 5	2	
113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7		50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
133. Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a. 3	1		64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene.....	4	1
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes....	7	1	95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	11	
42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene. 2	1		67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene... 6		
79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1	2	4. Eh? What is it? sketch.....	4	1
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc. 6	1	
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece.....	4		98. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4	1	
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene.... 3			52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	10	1
11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes 4	1		25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene.....	2	1
146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	1	88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act 4	2	
110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality.....	4	2	51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene. 2		
126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce.... 4	2		152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	6	
127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch. 3	1		106. Gambrianus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes.....	8	1
128. Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act.....	2	1	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc. 2	2	
120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes.... 5	2		17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act.....	2	
89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene.....	4		58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc. 4		
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2			31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes.... 3		
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch.....	2	2	20. Going for the Cup, interlude..... 4		
143. Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	6	2	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene. 3		
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch. 1 scene.....	6		130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	6	
112. Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch. 2 scenes.....	3	1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch.....	3	
144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc. 4	1		61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene.... 5	1		142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene.....	1	1
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene.... 3			23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene. 5	1	
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc. 5	1		118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act.....	6	
63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene 3	1		3. Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc. 6		
			68. Hippotheatron, sketch.....	9	
			150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene 6		
			71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
			123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1

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THE

GREAT HINDOO SECRET.

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

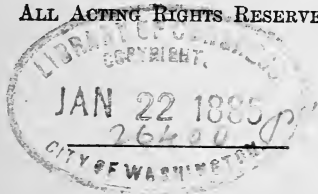
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(1884)

CHARACTERS.

JOHN HENRY ROBINSON,
RUTHERFORD SMYTHE,
COLONEL HARR. BOLSTER,
MORTIMER CLEVERLY,
HERR VON VOGELSANG,
THE UNKNOWN,
PETER,

COUNT BLUFFSKI (mute),
MADAME MIRABELLA,
AMELIA THOMPSON,
MRS. HONORIA CLEVERLY,
MAUD ROBINSON,
PETUNIA PLUMMER,
A MAID.

SCENE.—New York City. TIME.—The Present.

TIME OF PLAYING.—TWO HOURS.

SCENERY.

ACT I.—The Reception-room in the house of MADAME MIRABELLA. Double doors at back; doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E.; a secret door at L. 1 E.; fireplace at R. 1 E.; a sofa in front of fireplace; a small table, with blotter and inkstand, L. C.; an arm-chair at either side of table; at back, L. of doors, a cuckoo clock in carved wood, standing upon a bracket.

ACT II.—The Drawing-room in JOHN HENRY ROBINSON'S house, Gramercy Park. A large fireplace occupies the centre of the background; a sofa on either side of fireplace; a table near R. 1 E.; piano at L. 1 E.; doors R. 1 E., R. U. E. and L. U. E.

ACT III.—The Parlor in MADAME MIRABELLA'S suite, Second Avenue. Three arches at back opening upon the hall, and draped with portieres; doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E.; a table a little to R. of C.; a sofa L.; chairs here and there about the stage; a lighted chandelier suspended from the centre.

COSTUMES.

No marked peculiarities, except for THE UNKNOWN, who requires a disguise of old-fashioned attire over a full-dress suit, and for COUNT BLUFFSKI, a full-dress uniform of Russian officer, with decorations on breast. The others should be genteel street and house costumes of the present time, as may be demanded by the different characters.

PROPERTIES.

Act 1.—Newspapers for PETER; green spectacles, silver watch and gold-headed cane for UNKNOWN; blank-book and writing materials on table; photograph, pocket-book and coin for RUTHERFORD; pamphlets and card in pocket of overcoat for ROBINSON.

Act 2.—Embroidery for MRS. CLEVERLY; handbox for AMELIA; manuscript and eye-glass for RUTHERFORD; glass of water and letter for SERVANT; vinaigrette for MAUD.

Act 3.—Step-ladder for PETER; card of invitation for UNKNOWN; coin for COLONEL; letter for CLEVERLY.

THE GREAT HINDOO SECRET.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Reception room in the house of MADAME MIRABELLA.*

As curtain rises, MADAME MIRABELLA enters L. 2 E., and encounters PETER, in livery, who enters R. 2 E., bearing a package of newspapers.

MME. M. Ah! is that you, Peter? Did you stop in at Horton's to order the ice-cream for to-morrow evening?

PETER. Yes, madame.

MME. M. And did you think to get the *Herald*?

PETER. Here it is. (*selects the Herald from among the newspapers, which he places upon table L.*)

MME. M. (*taking the Herald and seating herself upon sofa before the fireplace*). Now to see whether my advertisement has been inserted. (*glances over the paper*) "Help Wanted—females."—"For Sale."—"Dentistry."—"Medical."—"Astrology."—Ah, here it is! (*reads*) "The Great Hindoo Secret!—Marriages Guaranteed!—Madame Mirabella, Second Avenue. Pull the first bell. Tact, ability, discretion." That's a clincher! (*to PETER, showing him the advertisement*) Eh, Peter?

PETER (*familiarly*). You ought to know, madame. It isn't for me to say how it may clinch some, where it won't clinch others. And there's one consolation in knowing that the fools are not all dead yet.

MME. M. (*offended*). Peter! who asked your advice? You may retire. (*PETER bows and turns up stage to door at back*) What are we coming to! If we unbend to a servant in the slightest degree, now-a-days, our condescension is scandalously abused. (*the COLONEL appears at back.*)

PETER (*turning and announcing*). The Colonel, madame!

COLONEL (*coming down*). Fair lady, permit me to present my homage!

MME. M. (*smiling, but without rising*). Ah, Colonel, good morning!

COLONEL (*approaching her*). And how do I find you to-day? (*kisses her hand.*)

MME. M. Quite well, as you must perceive.

COLONEL (*gallantly*). Ever as fresh as a rose! Queen of flowers!—Queen amongst women! Gods! how desperate must your sisters be.

MME. M. What gallantry!

[PETER makes a grimace and exits at back.]

COLONEL (*pirouetting*). 'Tis the gallantry of chivalry! Lost art, madame—lost art!

MME. M. (*laughing*). Do you know, Colonel, that I consider you a most dangerous man?

COLONEL. Dangerous! Ah, not at present, though I have been.

MME. M. Indeed!

COLONEL. Ah, yes; I have had my share of adventures, I assure you.

MME. M. Do tell me about them.

COLONEL. No, no; not a word! Altogether too sad. (*gayly*) But I would have you to understand that I have as many broken hearts to my credit as an Indian has scalps to his belt.

MME. M. And I surmise that you are not at all averse to extending that credit.

COLONEL (*modestly*). You shock me! (*passes behind sofa*.)

MME. M. Oh, there is no help for it; I shall have to secure you a wife.

COLONEL (*laughing*). Ah, but, my dear madame, you forget our agreement.

MME. M. How so?

COLONEL (*leaning upon back of sofa*). Indeed you must! When, three months since, you founded your Matrimonial Agency, who was it who first knocked at your door? 'Twas I—I, who said to you, "Madame, my name is Bolster—Harry Bolster, Colonel by profession, and I possess some fortune, or at least my progenitors would have considered it such. I am still young to all intents and purposes, or at least well preserved, and I am not at all averse to the thought of making some sort of alliance—*only*. I am a trifle fastidious, and by no means pressed for time." Thereupon, my dear madame, you authorized me to call here—

MME. M. As often as you saw fit, Colonel. And I must add that your society has proven far too agreeable for me to regret, even for a moment, having granted the authority; *only*—

COLONEL. Only what?

MME. M. The world will talk, and your assiduity *might* afford it ground for prattle.

COLONEL (*highly flattered*). Oh, madame!

MME. M. Therefore come less frequently; or, rather, do not come alone; bring some of your friends with you.

COLONEL. I could ask nothing better.

MME. M. (*rising*). I mean to give a series of soirées this winter, and if you know of any dancers, of either sex—(*coming down c.*)

COLONEL (*following her*). I know a host.

MME. M. Then bring them along, Colonel, bring them along. (*changing her tone*) By the by, have you done anything about that little advertising scheme of ours?

COLONEL. Yes; I have waited upon the editor of "The Ball Call," a most amiable fellow—seemed to fall in with the idea at once, and conjointly we have produced an item, conceived somewhat after this fashion:—"Marriage appears to be all the *go* this winter, and the apartments of Madame M.—" Mind you, we withheld the full name, lest it should smack of an advertisement.

MME. M. (*nervously*). Exactly; but—

COLONEL. Wait! (*continuing to quote*) "And the apartments of Madame M. in Second Avenue are the resort of an ever increasing crowd. Even yesterday, a foreign nobleman, desiring to testify his interest in this most novel institution—"

PETUNIA PLUMMER appears at C. D. F.

PETUNIA. Do I intrude?

MME. M. Oh, not at all. Come in, my dear.

COLONEL (*saluting*). Ah, Miss Petunia!

PETUNIA (*advancing and giving her hand to COLONEL*). Good morning, Colonel. How are you?

COLONEL (*gallantly*). Thanks—never better. I need not inquire for your health, since you are—

PETUNIA. As fresh as a rose. I save you the trouble of telling me so; consider it said. (*turning to MME. M.*) I come for you.

MME. M. Indeed! Why?

PETUNIA. The young widow on the third floor has determined to sell off her furniture this morning. Living, as I do, upon the second floor, my attention was excited by the unusual clatter above stairs, and I ran up to inquire into the cause. She has a host of pretty things to dispose of, and you may have your pick, provided you come at once.

MME. M. But I cannot leave.

PETUNIA. You needn't be gone an hour.

MME. M. What if any clients should call meanwhile?

PETUNIA. The Colonel will entertain them until you return.

COLONEL. I?

PETUNIA. Yes, you; you're so obliging.

COLONEL (*bowing*). You're too good.

MME. M. I'm very sorry, but I dare not go.

Enter PETER, C. D. F.

PETER (*announcing*). Madame, the Unknown!

MME. M. (*to PETUNIA*). You see! (*to PETER*) show the gentleman in.

[*Exit PETER, C. D. F.*

PETUNIA. Who, in the name of all that's odd, is your Unknown?

MME. M. (*laughing*). I will present him.

Enter THE UNKNOWN, D. F., in old-fashioned attire, with green spectacles, and carrying a huge gold-headed cane.

UNKNOWN (*saluting profoundly*). Ladies, your humble servant.—Good morning, sir. (*the COLONEL places a chair c.; the UNKNOWN seats himself.*)

MME. M. (*to PETUNIA*). My dear Miss Plummer, permit me to present Mr.—(*glances at UNKNOWN and smiles*) Mr. X., unknown quantity. (*UNKNOWN rises and salutes PETUNIA, then reseats himself*) You must know that this gentleman, although most desirous of securing a partner for life, has hesitated to apply to the ordinary matrimonial agencies, lest his measures should be divulged. I, however, have overcome his scruples by explaining my plan of procedure, and have won his confidence by my discretion. I have assured him that he need not give his name. (*sentimentally*) Indeed, I may do better for him without his doing so.

UNKNOWN. Very likely.

MME. M. However, the gentleman has promised to divulge his name on the day I conclude the alliance which he has honored me by intrusting to my care; (*smiling*) and I trust the day is not far distant. The gentleman is thirty-four years of age, and was born at North Kickapoo, where for years he has taught the young idea how to shoot. (*UNKNOWN nods his head in token of approbation*) But recently he has sent in his resignation, having had the good fortune to fall heir to a considerable property left by an aunt—

UNKNOWN (*rising*). On my father's side.

MME. M. On his father's side. (*the UNKNOWN sits*) The windfall, added to the savings of an economical career, has made him an independently wealthy man.

UNKNOWN (*rising*). I am also possessor of two bonds in the C. Q. and B. R. R.

MME. M. I was about to mention that fact. (UNKNOWN *sits*) Moreover, the gentleman has inherited a flourishing dry-goods business in North Kickapoo, which he proposes to run. Therefore he is in search of a wife to 'tend shop—

UNKNOWN (*rising*). And keep house.

MME. M. Of course.

COLONEL. We shall find exactly the person he requires. (UNKNOWN *seats himself*.)

MME. M. So I tell the gentleman, and beg him not to be discouraged, but to come here often and—

UNKNOWN (*rising*). Suppose I look in about five o'clock?

MME. M. Very good; do so. You will be sure of a welcome.

UNKNOWN (*saluting*). Ladies, your most humble servant. Good day, sir. [*Exit, C. D. F., accompanied to door by MME. M.*]

PETUNIA. There's a type for you!

COLONEL. Does it not fill you with an insatiable longing to secure it?

PETUNIA. It might, were I a collector of bric-a-brac. (*to MME. M., who comes down*) Well, will you come upstairs with me?

MME. M. I tell you I ought not to go.

COLONEL. You may go. (*pirouetting*) I will fill the vacancy.

MME. M. Very well; let us hurry.

[*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

PETUNIA (*following*). Colonel!

COLONEL. Sweetness!

PETUNIA. You're a treasure! (*throws him a kiss*.)

COLONEL (*apparently catching kiss and pressing it to his lips*). Say, rather, treasurer! (*exit PETUNIA, L. 2 E.*) Charming woman! I declare I always do have a roaring good time in this house. (*takes a newspaper and seats himself beside table*) Now then, what's on foot?

PETER (*appearing at C. D. F.*). A gentleman!

COLONEL (*starting*). A gentleman! What the devil does a gentleman want here?

PETER. To see madame.

COLONEL. She's not at home; tell him so. (*suddenly rising*) Stay! Upon second thoughts, show him in. (*exit PETER*) Since I have offered to fill the vacancy I suppose I—

Enter RUTHERFORD SMYTHE, C. D. F.

RUTHERFORD. I beg pardon, but is Madame Mirabella—

COLONEL. That's my name!

RUTH. Eh!

COLONEL (*starting*). I would say—this is her place. Will you be seated?

RUTH. Is Madame Mirabella not at home?

COLONEL. Must you see her personally?

RUTH. Personally.

COLONEL. Ah! that alters the case. I—er—(*aside*) I believe it to be my duty to go for her. (*aloud*) Madame is engaged for the moment, but if you can wait I—

RUTH. Certainly I will wait; I have nothing else to do. (*reflecting*)

Or, rather, yes! (*placing his hat on mantel-piece*) Have you a pen and a sheet of paper handy?

COLONEL (*who has gone up stage*). Do you wish to write?

RUTH. Well, you don't suppose I want to eat them, do you?

COLONEL (*aside*). Impudence! (*aloud, pointing to table*) You will find all you require there.

RUTH. Thanks, my boy.

COLONEL (*aside, indignantly*). My boy!—Bless my stars, he takes me for a flunkey! I must resume my rank without delay.

[*Exit, C. D. F.*]

RUTH. (*having seated himself at the table, writes*). "My dear sweet darling, 'tis with a trembling hand that I trace these lines. When you receive them, you—" (*changing his tone—naturally*) When she receives them she will have a nervous attack, and that's all I shall gain by the proceeding. No; it is decidedly the better course not to write to her. (*rising*) I will go to see her, will explain the situation, and when she learns what I have done for her—After all, she can't be angry with me. Such things happen every day. You meet a woman, fall in love with her—and then, all of a sudden, she leaves you, or you leave her; and half the time the Lord only knows why; though in this special case I happen to know the reason. (*coming down*) I have a reason—an excellent reason. (*gravely*) My future is at stake! You understand that between my future and my happiness I have not hesitated; I decided promptly in favor of the former. The fact is, I have been working to secure a post in the Department of Public Works, and my official chief refuses to recommend me unless I am married—married according to his fancy. Finding myself helpless in the matter, I have concluded to follow his counsel, and have permitted myself to be presented to a certain Mr. Robinson, father of an only daughter, quite wealthy in her own right. (*suddenly*) The father is a widower! (*confidentially*) Naturally the absence of a mother-in-law proved an additional attraction. Of course the young lady herself is charming, very charming; but then all marriageable young ladies resemble each other in that respect, while a widowed father-in-law (*with conviction*) is really a rare bird! People don't seem to think what a rare thing it is! Besides, the fellow pleased me, and it is reasonable to suppose that I produced a similar impression upon him, since he said to me. "I shall go to the opera to-morrow evening with my daughter." (*smiling*) The hint was sufficiently expansive. (*turning up stage*) I went to the opera. (*takes a chair*) Between the first and second acts I tapped at Robinson's box. "What, is it you, Mr. Smythe? Glad to see you!" exclaimed the good man; "sit down." The following day I popped the question, and in one week our wedding takes place. Every evening I purchase two bouquets, one for my fiancée, the other—(*with a sigh*) the other for her! Poor, dear, sweet darling! If she only suspected! (*changing his tone*) But the devil of it is that she doesn't suspect. She takes the bouquet and puts it in water, never dreaming that the flowers would tell her that her Rutherford has deserted her—that her Rutherford is about to be married. (*rises*) Ah, there are some queer passages in life! The cause of the present catastrophe began one May morning. I had just seated myself in a crowded street-car to go to my office, when outside, amid the rain-drops. I heard a plaintive voice cry, "Oh dear! I shall be late at the shop!" I turned and saw a young girl with tears in her eyes, glancing fixedly at me through the window. Now, gentlemen, I did just what you would have done. I gave up my seat and stood on the platform. It rained great guns! Arrived at Union Square, the young girl alighted; I offered her

my arm, but it rained so hard that I hailed a carriage; and by the time we drew up in front of her shop (*sentimentally*) my heart no longer belonged to me! (*changing his tone*) You will tell me that I might have recovered it. Very good; I admit it; but in order to succeed one should be blessed with considerable nerve. I am not thus blessed; I cannot bear to see a woman weep. Should a woman weep anywhere in my neighborhood, I am completely disarmed. Well, suppose that Amelia—that is her name—suppose that Amelia should meet me the day after my marriage, with her eyes suffused with tears. Do you know what I should do? (*with animation*) I should follow her—abandon my wife, my children, my family. Oh! I cannot answer for what I should do. When I am disarmed I am not responsible for my actions. (*very calmly*) So, don't you see, I must avoid such a calamity. The day that I espouse Maud—Maud is the name of my *fiancee*—I must have nothing to fear on the score of Amelia. After mature deliberation I was stricken with an idea—an idea so brilliant that I collapsed at its advent. Said I to myself—

Enter MADAME MIRABELLA, in haste, C. D. F.

MME. M. Oh, sir, I beg ten thousand pardons. I have kept you waiting such an eternity!

RUTH. Not at all, madame, not at all. (*aside, graciously*) My time was well occupied.

MME. M. You must know that I have been closeted with my lawyer upon a matter of vital importance. (*carelessly*) concerning a dower of some three hundred thousand dollars.

RUTH. Quite a neat sum.

MME. M. Oh, I am frequently called upon to arrange such matters. My connections with the leading families permit (*smiling*) of my spoiling my clients a trifle. (*pointing to a chair*) Is it to business of this nature that I owe the honor of this visit?

RUTH. Yes, madame. (*seats himself.*)

MME. M. (*quickly*). In that case you come just in the nick of time. Scarcely an hour since I received a call from a young lady whose desire is—

RUTH. I beg pardon; it was not on my own behalf that I came.

MME. M. On behalf of a relative, then? (*she sits.*)

RUTH. (*embarrassed*). Yes—a lady.

MME. M. (*smiling*). Ah, then you are in the enemy's camp!

RUTH. Quite so, madame. I am in the enemy's—(*aside*) She uses remarkably choice language. •

MME. M. Of course you are armed to the teeth?

RUTH. (*puzzled*). Armed to the teeth! Pray, what do you mean?

MME. M. (*sentimentally*). Ah, my dear sir, you cannot be ignorant of the fact that in this degenerate world of ours, interest often supersedes sentiment, and 'tis rarely that an undowered heart secures the nuptial circle.

RUTH. (*quickly*). Oh, the dower is all right!

MME. M. (*interested*). Ah, that simplifies matters. Now, then, the person in question is—

RUTH. (*warmly*). Is a brunette, madame—a most adorable brunette!

MME. M. (*smiling*). That surely is a point in her favor, but—

RUTH. I have her photograph with me, if you wish to satisfy yourself as to her beauty. (*takes photograph from his pocket and presents it to* MME. M.)

MME. M. (*examining photograph*). She is indeed remarkably pretty. (*rising and coming down.*)

RUTH. Is she not? (*rising and following MME. M.*) She has such wonderful eyes too! Ah, when she looks at you with those eyes suffused with tears—Well, her husband will be a very happy man!

MME. M. I do not doubt it.

RUTH. Besides, she is sweet, amiable, gentle and gay. She is the gayest girl I ever knew! Why, I recall one occasion when—(*suddenly pausing*) Yes, she is very gay.

MME. M. Another point in her favor.

RUTH. I give you my word if I were able to marry her myself—

MME. M. Well, why can you not?

RUTH. (*quickly*). Because I cannot! (*aside*) What am I saying? (*aloud*) I am unable to marry her because—because I am her god-father. Yes, there it is in a nutshell. I was only ten years of age when I was asked how I should like to be a god-father. Naturally I—you know how it is yourself—a man of ten years doesn't stop to reflect. Ah, if I had only reflected! I regret the step to this day; but the thing was done, and what is done can't be undone.

MME. M. Exactly. But what about the dowry?

RUTH. I give her five thousand dollars.

MME. M. That is not enough to spoil her.

RUTH. No; but with it she can live modestly in the country. And, by the by, I insist upon my god-daughter living in the country.

MME. M. Ah!

RUTH. Such are the doctor's orders.

MME. M. And in what part of the country do you wish her to live?

RUTH. It doesn't make the slightest difference where, provided it be in the country. Now, if you chance to know of some honest fellow of reasonable refinement—

MME. M. I understand. My relations with the first families permit of—

RUTH. Oh, I'm not particular about the first families. No, I only insist upon the family being honorable, you know. A good respectable man in the country—something solid—that's all.

MME. M. I see what you wish. (*seats herself at the table and opens a register*) The young person's name is—

RUTH. Amelia Thompson, with a *p*.

MME. M. And yours, sir? (*she writes.*)

RUTH. (*hesitating*). Must I give my name also? (*suddenly*) Browne—J. Philpot Browne, with an *e*.

MME. M. (*writing*). Thanks, very much.

RUTH. Do you require my signature?

MME. M. It is not necessary. I require only a few facts concerning the young lady. How does she live? What does she do?

RUTH. She is fore-woman in a fashionable dress-making establishment, and possesses remarkable talents. Why, madame, crowds collect on the sidewalk every time she dresses the show-window.

MME. M. Indeed!

RUTH. That annoys her considerably, and she is very desirous of leaving the shop.

MME. M. From what you say I gather that your god-daughter is a most accomplished person, and I am very anxious to meet her. When will you bring her to see me?

RUTH. (*embarrassed*). There's the pinch! You see, the dear child has no suspicion of my plan.

MME. M. No?

RUTH. No; it will be a great surprise to her.

MME. M. (*regarding him fixedly*). Ah!

RUTH. It is a delicate matter to handle. Were she to know that it is I, her god-father, who am planning her marriage, ten chances to one she would be much put out—she's so fantastic.

MME. M. (*laughing*). A young girl would be apt to be, under the circumstances.

RUTH. Whereas, were she to be told that the proposition originated in the brain of another—

MME. M. She would be flattered.

RUTH. Very appreciably flattered. Therefore, I have had her informed that you wish to see her to-day, between three and five o'clock, upon a matter of importance.

MME. M. Then she is coming?

RUTH. Certainly; and I count upon you to explain the situation to her.

MME. M. I will do my best.

RUTH. Without speaking of me, of course. I am supposed to be ignorant of—

MME. M. (*smiling*). You need not be disturbed on that score: tact, ability, discretion are emblazoned on my escutcheon.

RUTH. Later in the day I shall return to learn the result of the interview. (*opening his pocket-book*) Now, if you require a deposit—

MME. M. (*grandly*). The word of my clients has always sufficed! (*pointing to the register*) Besides, I have your name,—and I will take this occasion to inquire your address.

RUTH. (*embarrassed*). Ah, yes—my address, to be sure! The—The Terrace, Hoboken.

MME. M. Thanks. (*she writes.*)

Enter PETER, C. D. F.

Well, Peter, what is it?

PETER (*aside to MME. M.*) An old gentleman who has never been here before.

MME. M. (*aside to PETER*). Did you ask his name?

PETER (*aside*). He said as how he didn't know it.

MME. M. (*aside*). Very well. (*aloud*) You may show the General in, Peter.

[*Exit PETER, C. D. F.*]

RUTH. (*starting, aside*). The devil! Somebody coming?

MME. M. (*rising*). What is the matter, Mr. Browne?

RUTH. (*embarrassed*). Why, don't you see, I know a lot of generals! I can't afford to be seen here, since I am fulfilling a confidential mission.

MME. M. (*smiling*). I understand. (*opening the secret door at L. 1 E.*) If you will be good enough to pass out this way, you will find a safe escape.

RUTH. Very convenient. I'm sure. (*saluting*) Madame!

MME. M. (*saluting*). Mr. Browne!

[*Exit RUTHERFORD, L.*]

MADAME M. *closes secret door just as* JOHN HENRY ROBINSON *gravely enters at C. D. F.*

ROBINSON (*advancing, seriously*). Is it to Madame Mirabella that I have the honor of speaking?

MME. M. Yes, sir.

ROB. To Madame Mirabella, the founder of the matrimonial agency with reports of which our journals teem?

MME. M. The same, sir.

ROB. Madame, I congratulate you! (MME. M. bows) Your labors are of a nature calculated to command the attention of all enlightened spirits!

MME. M. Unquestionably so.

ROB. The art of marriage is moribund, madame—positively moribund; but you have lent it renewed life.

MME. M. (*aside*). What's he driving at? (*aloud, pointing to a chair near the sofa*) Will you be good enough to be seated?

ROB. (*sitting*). Thank you very much. May I inquire how long it is since you founded this institution?

MME. M. (*sitting upon sofa*). Some three months—(*suddenly correcting herself*) er—that is, some three years; (*with a sigh*) since I lost Signor Mirabella.

ROB. You are a widow then, madame?

MME. M. Yes, sir; widow of one of sunny Italy's most fickle children. My husband led me a very unhappy life.

ROB. Which has suggested the propriety of getting other unfortunates into a similar box?

MME. M. Say rather that I employ my experience—my personal experience—for the profit of those who, lacking a guide, might marry as unhappily as I did.

ROB. In other words, you undertake to prejudice people against—

MME. M. Far from it. Indeed, sir, I assure you the matrimonial profession has been calumniated.

ROB. I grant you that it should command respect.

MME. M. 'Tis a noble sacrifice!

ROB. (*gravely*). 'Tis more than a sacrifice—'tis a dilemma.

MME. M. Alas! yes.

ROB. I understand you; I understand you so well that I have prepared and published this little tract upon the subject. (*draws a gay-colored pamphlet from his pocket*) It treats of the causes of the diminution in the number of marriages, and of the influence of marriage upon public morality, considered from the triple point of view of economy, hygiene and preservation. Permit me to offer you a copy.

MME. M. (*taking it*). Oh, thank you.

ROB. It will cost you just fifty cents.

MME. M. (*in surprise*). Eh?

ROB. Fifty cents. 'Tis a modest sum, but I insist upon receiving it, because it is sweet to think that I could live by my pen.

MME. M. And have you taken the trouble to come here for the purpose of distributing your tracts?

ROB. By no means! I wish to consult you upon quite another matter.

MME. M. Ah! I am all attention.

ROB. You must know, madame, that I have been married a very long time. Happily, however, there is an end to all things! (MME. M. starts) I would say, unhappily there is an end to all things, and my wife has left me a widower with a daughter just nineteen years of age to-day.

MME. M. (*brightening*). You should marry her off.

ROB. Just what I propose to do, and have seized this occasion to—

MME. M. (*rising*). My dear sir, you have come to me just in the nick of time. Only this morning I received a call from a young man who ardently desires—

ROB. (*rising*). I beg pardon. But it is not my daughter who—

MME. M. No?

ROB. No! Her marriage is already consummated; or, I should say, is upon the eve of consummation. She is to marry a most distinguished young man, who holds an excellent post in the Board of Public Works. So, you see, her goose is cooked! Naturally, so occupied have I been in getting my daughter established for life, that I have given no thought to myself until the present time. (*he laughs.*)

MME. M. What! do *you* wish to marry again?

ROB. (*laughing*). You've hit it the first time!

MME. M. (*sentimentally*). It is a resolution which does you honor, sir. You set a worthy example to the flippant youth of to-day.

ROB. Yes, it won't trouble me an atom to set the example. (*changing his tone*) However, it was not precisely that which—(MME. M. *starts*) By no means! You see, the best years of my life were passed either in my office or my household. You can understand that my office afforded me no very delirious distractions, and as far as my household—(*raises his eyes to heaven*) I do so want to preserve a pious remembrance of her who is no more—(*changing his tone*) but I prefer not to think of her.

MME. M. (*smiling*). It appears that your first venture—

ROB. Was not altogether felicitous, madame; and for that very reason I would like to begin over again. I have made a practice of regulating my life in accordance with the calculus of the probabilities, and I have satisfied myself that lightning rarely strikes a second time in the same place.

MME. M. (*graciously*). Though the invigorating shower that accompanies it may.

ROB. Let us hope so, madame—let us hope so.

MME. M. What you need is a woman of a certain age, who will prove rather a companion—

ROB. (*starting*). Pardon me—one moment! What do you mean by a certain age?

MME. M. Oh, a reasonable age; of course you do not insist upon physical advantages.

ROB. Oh, but I do, I do! I very much insist upon physical advantages! Of course I don't pretend to a professional beauty, (*with a sudden burst*) but I *won't* have a second wife that resembles the first one! She was very ugly—as ugly as she was disagreeable; yet my principles obliged me to support her.

MME. M. (*laughing*). And you obeyed your principles?

ROB. Certainly I did, madame, hard as it was. (*changing his tone*) Consequently, being free to make a more advantageous choice to-day, I want a wife both pretty and gay—the gayer the better.

MME. M. (*reflecting*). The gayer the better. Let me see. 'Stay! I have it! Would you consent to live in the country?

ROB. (*surprised*). In the country! Why the country?

MME. M. Because I have just the person in mind who would suit you to a T. A young person, very amiable and pretty, though not possessed of a great fortune.

ROB. Oh, I'm not fortune hunting.

MME. M. But what she lacks in wealth she atones for in blood, being connected with the Brownes—the Philpot Brownes, with an *e*!

ROB. (*dazzled*). The devil you say! The Brownes—the Philpot Brownes! (*changing his tone*) I don't know them!

MME. M. They are large property owners in Hoboken.

ROB. Hoboken! I occasionally go over there on business, but as for passing the remainder of my days there, I—

MME. M. Perhaps the condition is not absolute.

ROB. And you say that the young person is pretty?

MME. M. (*going to table*). See! here is her photograph.

ROB. (*sitting beside table and taking photograph*). Um—yes, she might do. A trifle frowzy, perhaps, but (*laughing*) I don't mind that; in fact, I think I rather like frowzy women. (*with a sigh*) For twenty-five years I had to content myself with hair smoothly brushed; my wife brushed her hair down over her ears. But it is past—let us think no more of it. When might I see this young person?

MME. M. Soon, I trust. She intended to call upon me to-day; should she call I will try to arrange an interview.

ROB. Do you think I shall please her?

MME. M. (*regarding him fixedly*). What income have you?

ROB. Five thousand a year.

MME. M. She'll be charmed with you! She will bring you another five thousand, being the dowry of her god-father.

ROB. Ah! she has a god-father, then?

MME. M. Yes; Mr. J. Philpot Browne, a charming man. I shall present him also.

ROB. Later, later! (*he rises*) One at a time. I do not care to have my affairs noised abroad prematurely.

MME. M. You have nothing to fear in that respect. The most absolute prudence presides over all my negotiations, and you need feel under no obligation to declare yourself until after you have carefully studied the character of your future partner.

ROB. How can I study her?

MME. M. By being present at my semi-weekly soirées, which afford my clients exceptional advantages.

ROB. Do they dance?

MME. M. If the spirit moves them.

ROB. I adore dancing!

MME. M. Then come to-morrow evening; we shall—

THE COLONEL appears at C. D. F.

COLONEL. I ask your pardon if I intrude, but—

MME. M. Come in, Colonel.

ROB. (*bristling*). A Colonel! (*he salutes*.)

COLONEL. As I came down stairs (*advancing*) I met a lady in the vestibule, who says she has an appointment with you at this hour.

MME. M. A brunette?

COLONEL. Yes, a brunette with a tint of rose!

MME. M. (*to ROBINSON*). It is she!

ROB. Ah! (*turns up stage precipitately*.)

MME. M. (*laughingly detaining him*). Stay! not so fast! The young person must not encounter you.

ROB. Why not?

MME. M. It may cost her her peace of mind that she has already seen the Colonel.

COLONEL (*flattered*). Ah!

MME. M. (*to ROBINSON*). Stay—I will come to your rescue. (*pointing to R. 2 E.*) Go into that room; the Colonel will keep you company.

COLONEL. I?

MME. M. (*graciously*). You are so obliging, my dear Colonel. (*to ROBINSON*) When I have said to the young person—what I have to say, you will drop in by accident.

ROB. But how shall I know——

MME. M. You will await a signal from me.

ROB. What signal? (*she whispers in his ear*) Ah! very clever—very clever indeed.

MME. M. Then away! Colonel, you will accompany the gentleman.

COLONEL. With pleasure; only——

ROB. Colonel, permit me to utilize this occasion by offering you a copy of a little tract which I——

COLONEL (*taking the pamphlet*). Ah, thank you; but——(*going towards R. 2 E.*)

ROB. (*following him*). Only fifty cents!

COLONEL (*surprised*). Eh?

ROB. Fifty cents! (*thrusts COLONEL through R. 2 E., and exit after him.*)

MME. M. (*to PETER, who appears at C. D. F.*). Show the lady in, Peter.

PETER *steps aside and AMELIA THOMPSON enters. Exit PETER.*

MME. M. Miss Thompson, I presume?

AMELIA (*advancing*). Yes, madame.

MME. M. Pray be seated.

AMELIA (*sitting*). I have duly received the letter which you sent to my address, madame.

MME. M. (*sitting*). And you have answered it at once, in person. Thanks, very much.

AMELIA (*carelessly*). Not exactly *at once*, madame; I confess I hesitated to——

MME. M. (*proudly*). And why?

AMELIA. Because, never having had any dealings with matrimonial agencies, I fancied for a moment that this letter might have been addressed—by mistake.

MME. M. Not at all, Miss Thompson; you were the person intended.

AMELIA. I fail to see why.

MME. M. (*smiling*). I wish to marry you off.

AMELIA. Seriously?

MME. M. (*wounded*). Miss Thompson! (*with dignity*) My marriages are always serious.

AMELIA. Oh, I did not mean exactly that. Only I am so surprised at your proposal. Do you know of some one who wishes to marry me?

MME. M. Certainly.

AMELIA. Some one who knows me well?

MME. M. He knows you through me.

AMELIA. I do not understand.

MME. M. (*mysteriously*). You are not called upon, nor expected to fathom the Great Hindoo Secret. Suffice it that it is able to render you boundless service. The person of whom I speak has known you but one hour, while you yourself do not know him; and yet within a few days you may perhaps be united for all eternity—thanks to the intermediary, who claims for her negotiations but five per cent. of your dowry; in other words, two hundred and fifty dollars upon your five thousand.

AMELIA (*amazed*). My dowry! Five thousand dollars! Indeed, madame, I know not what to——

MME. M. (*smiling*). Have perfect confidence in the inscrutable operation of the Great Hindoo Secret. Being merely the priestess of the *arcana*, I have not the power to divulge the true inwardness of this omnipotent sovereignty, and yet I am ever moved to pity by feminine

curiosity. (*rises, and taking AMELIA's hand, leads her down to R. 1 E.*) You have inspired me with such sympathy that I will risk departure from our habitual reserve. Know, then, that the idea of marrying you has not occurred spontaneously to the oracle.

AMELIA. I was about to say that I don't quite——

MME. M. It has been inspired by a person interested in you——

AMELIA. To the amount of five thousand dollars? (*with assurance*) It must be my steward!

MME. M. What steward?

AMELIA. The steward of my family, an old servant who has not ceased to watch over me; for I belong to a family of note, madame!

MME. M. (*incredulously*). Indeed!

AMELIA. My father was a wealthy Southern planter; he married my mother secretly—I believe they were obliged to elope. I was reared in the neighborhood of New Orleans, where the steward came to see me every month. When I grew to girlhood I was apprenticed to a dress-maker——

MME. M. To a dress-maker!

AMELIA (*smiling*). There to remain only until my family should enter again into possession of its fortune.

MME. M. It sounds like fiction.

AMELIA. My family must have ordered the steward to have me married. I cannot otherwise explain his intervention. (*changing her tone*) What surprises me, though, is the five thousand dollars, since up to the present time I have received but five dollars a month.

MME. M. The steward must have been practicing economy. But tell me, is he a young man?

AMELIA (*laughing*). Young! Why, he's every day of sixty!

MME. M. (*aside*). This, then, is some other. (*aloud*) But to return to the question of your marriage.

AMELIA (*sentimentally*). Ah, madame, 'twould be useless; my heart is fettered.

MME. M. Fettered! What do you mean?

AMELIA. That I am loved by a young man whose dream, waking and sleeping, is to marry me.

MME. M. What position does your young man hold?

AMELIA. He is at present a clerk in the Department of Public Works.

MME. M. A clerk! Mercy! that's no sort of position. The man I propose as your *fiancee* is settled in life. He must be anywhere between forty and forty-five years of age.

AMELIA. Make it fifty.

MME. M. You may do as you choose; I have no idea of trying to influence you in the matter. If you are not disposed to——

AMELIA (*quickly*). Oh, I don't say that. I need time for reflection and—a look at him.

MME. M. That you may have at once. (*pointing to R. 2 E.*) He is *there*!

AMELIA (*going towards R. 2 E.*). May I see him without his seeing me?

MME. M. Permit me! (*goes up stage to cuckoo clock at back and causes it to strike three times. At the last stroke ROBINSON appears at R. 2 E.*)

ROBINSON. Oh, I beg pardon! You're not alone. (*affects to retire.*)

MME. M. Remain, my dear sir; you are not in the least in the way—in fact, quite the contrary. (*to AMELIA*) This gentleman is my architect.

ROB. (*aside*). What the devil put that into her head?

MME. M. (*presenting AMELIA*). And this young lady is here for the purpose of viewing my apartments, which will shortly be to let.

ROB. (*saluting*). Charmed to meet you, Miss——

AMELIA (*saluting*). Mr. Architect.

ROB. (*turning up stage, aside to MME. M.*). She is delicious!

MME. M. (*significantly to AMELIA*). Well, my dear, what do you think of it?—the room, I mean.

AMELIA (*glancing at ROBINSON*). Oh, it might be made presentable with a few repairs.

MME. M. True! And yet it is in a fair state of preservation.

ROB. (*aside, much flattered*). 'Tis of me they speak!

MME. M. (*to ROBINSON*). And what do you think of it, Mr. Architect?

ROB. (*coming down*). I, madame? (*with admiring glance at AMELIA*) I think that a mere trifle would suffice to set fire to it.

AMELIA (*laughing*). Oh, then there is considerable danger.

MME. M. Fortunately one may insure against fire.

ROB. (*laughing*). And for life also—ha, ha!—for life also.

MME. M. (*to AMELIA*). Well, do you think you'll take it?

AMELIA. I cannot say yet; I would like first to see it in gala attire, and under a bright light.

MME. M. Then you have only to join us at the little soirée I propose to give to-morrow evening.

AMELIA (*hesitating*). I scarcely know whether I ought——

MME. M. Your refusal would grieve me.

AMELIA. Oh! then I shall accept.

MME. M. You know I count upon you also, Mr. Architect.

ROB. (*with a flourish*). My dear madame, you are too obliging! I can only say that I shall be charmed to renew the acquaintance of two such captivating ladies.

AMELIA (*bowing*). Oh, sir, I am acquainted with several architects, but I have never met with one so engaging. May I not have the pleasure of knowing your name?

ROB. My name! (*aside*) Beelzebub! (*aloud*) Um—ah—St. George Strathmore, at your service.

AMELIA (*saluting*). Mr. Strathmore!

ROB. (*saluting*). Miss—er—(*aside*) What the devil is her name?

AMELIA (*to MME. M.*). To-morrow then, madame.

MME. M. To-morrow evening. I depend upon you. (*to ROBINSON*) I shall be gone but a minute; make yourself at home.

[*Exit at C. D. F. with AMELIA.*]

ROB. (*throws himself on sofa*). Well, bless my heart! here I am almost a married man, and I don't regret it. The little one is charming—altogether charming. Upon my word, I believe the inspiration was a happy one. (*laughing*) I don't know whether my son-in-law that is to be will regard it in the same light, but as I shall not inform him till after the wedding—(*knock heard at secret door, L. 1 E.*) What's that? (*renewed knocking*) Come in!

Enter RUTHERFORD SMYTHE, cautiously.

RUTHERFORD. According to my agreement, madame, I—(*suddenly seeing ROBINSON*) My father-in-law! (*recoils, stupefied.*)

ROB. (*struggling to his feet*). Rutherford! You—you here!

RUTH. (*stammering*). Yes; I—I was passing through the avenue, and seeing you come in here, I ran in after you.

ROB. But I've been here an hour!

RUTH. (*aside*). An hour! I'm undone! (*aloud*) Why, certainly. I couldn't be sure which suite you had entered, so I went upstairs on an exploration. (*struck with an idea*) On the second floor I found a dentist, and having an aching tooth, I called to have it out. (*opening his mouth*) You see--this back one. But of course you can't see, for I've had it out. (*aside*) Heaven help me if Madame Mirabella comes in.

ROB. That's curious.

RUTH. Yes, very. Now, what brings you here?

ROB. Oh, I'm an architect!

RUTH. Eh?

ROB. (*correcting himself*). No: that is, I mean I have seen an architect who advised me to take a look at this suite, and knowing that you would soon be wanting one, the idea struck me that——

RUTH. (*absently*). Ah! quite so. How many rooms are there?

ROB. Oh, I haven't counted them, but there is this reception-room, parlor, dining-room, two chambers, kitchen, servant's room, and elevator.

RUTH. What's the rent?

ROB. Three hundred dollars.

RUTH. Why, that's nothing* for the accommodation. (*quickly*) We'll engage the suite!

ROB. (*confused*). But—look here.

RUTH. We shall never find anything better at the price. (*turns up stage hurriedly*.)

ROB. (*running after him*). Where are you going?

RUTH. To speak to the lady of——

ROB. Unnecessary!

RUTH. But if we have concluded to take the rooms——

ROB. We haven't concluded.

RUTH. What! such a suit of rooms for three hundred dollars.

ROB. It's too much money.

RUTH. Oh, then there's some drawback.

ROB. Yes, it's full of drawbacks.

RUTH. Chimney smoke?

ROB. Villainously.

RUTH. How about the windows?

ROB. (*excited*). They smoke too!

RUTH. (*confused*). What!

ROB. There are no doors, and the kitchen opens into the parlor?

RUTH. (*wildly*). What are you talking about?

Enter COLONEL BOLSTER, suddenly, R. 1 E.

COLONEL (*to ROBINSON*). Madame Mirabella is detained for a moment upon business touching your interests, but she will join us in a——

ROB. (*quickly*). Oh, pray don't let her disturb herself.

COLONEL (*surprised*). Eh?

RUTH. The "business" is off.

COLONEL (*to ROBINSON*). How so?

RUTH. On account of the chimney.

COLONEL (*to ROBINSON*). But the person in question——

ROB. (*desperately*). Needs repairs!

COLONEL (*shocked*). Oh!

RUTH. The plaguy thing smokes!

COLONEL. Goodness gracious!

ROB. Doesn't suit me at all!

COLONEL. This is too much !

MME. M. (*outside*). Colonel !

COLONEL (*turning up stage*). Ah, here comes Madame Mirabella. She'll soon settle matters !

RUTH. The matter is quite settled, as it is.

ROB. (*taking RUTHERFORD'S arm*). Entirely settled. (*turning up stage*) Come !

RUTH. I am with you—lead on.

[*Exit both, C. D. F.*]

COLONEL. Hang me if I understand one word !

Enter MADAME MIRABELLA, L. 2 E.

MME. M. (*in surprise*). What ! has the gentleman gone

COLONEL. Yes, and the other fellow too.

MME. M. What other fellow ?

COLONEL. Why, the young one.

Re-enter RUTHERFORD, precipitately C. D. F.

No ; here he is again !

RUTH. (*to MME. M.*). Just one word. Has she been here ?

MME. M. Who ?

RUTH. Amelia.

MME. M. She has just gone.

RUTH. Have you arranged everything ?

MME. M. Nearly.

RUTH. Husband secured ?

MME. M. Yes, and a very promising party.

RUTH. His name ?

MME. M. St. George Strathmore.

RUTH. All right. Ta, ta.

MME. M. Must you go ?

RUTH. I've a very important engagement—see you again. (*upon reaching C. D. F. he is confronted by the COLONEL, who performs a grand salute*) Ah ! I forgot. (*puts his hand in his pocket and produces a coin*) There's a quarter for you, my boy ! [*Exit, precipitately, C. D. F.*]

COLONEL (*overwhelmed*). He dares to fee me ! (*calling off at C. D. F.*) I say, young fellow, you've made a mistake ! Ah, well, he's off. (*coming down and putting coin in his purse*) Never mind—I'll resume my rank some other day.

MME. M. (*laughing*). An odd sort of a client, eh, Colonel ? But it is the old one who astonishes me. Why did he fly away ?

COLONEL. Do you know the man ?

MME. M. I know that his name is St. George Strathmore.

COLONEL. Bah ! that's no name at all. (*starting*) Ah !

MME. M. What's the matter ?

COLONEL. He's forgotten his overcoat ! Murder will out. (*takes overcoat from chair where ROBINSON has left it and searches the pockets*) I thought so ! (*producing a visiting-card, reading*) "John Henry Robinson, Gramercy Park." What did I tell you ?

MME. M. An assumed name, eh ? Colonel, you will go to Gramercy Park to-morrow. (*turns up stage.*)

COLONEL. Oh, but, madame, I—

MME. M. You are so obliging, you know.

[*Exit, L.*]

COLONEL. Yes, but I'm not supposed to be in town. (*running after her*) Madame ! madame ! you know I'm not supposed to be—

[*Exit, L.*]

PETER (*appears at C. D. F., announcing*). The Unknown!

Enter THE UNKNOWN, C. D. F.

UNKNOWN (*saluting right and left*). Ladies and gentlemen, I—(*finding himself alone, he draws his watch and glances at it.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The drawing-room in the house of JOHN HENRY ROBINSON, Gramercy Park.*

As the curtain rises, MAUD ROBINSON is discovered seated at the piano, in the act of taking a music lesson, with HERR VON VOGELSANG seated at her right hand. MRS. CLEVERLY sits upon sofa, R. of fireplace, sewing. MAUD plays a passage.

VON V. Piano, Mees Maud, pianissimo! You really must permit us to suspect the melody, or, better, to divine it. It is a love song, a breath, a sigh! Then let it escape from the piano as though it exhaled from your bosom; thus—(*he sings.*)

“Liebster, deine Worte stehlen
Aus dem Busen mir das Herz.”

MRS. C. (*dreamily*). Ah, exquisite! delicious!

VON V. Then, please allow the fingers to rest quite supple. Stay!—are your hands cold?

MAUD (*still playing*). Oh, no.

VON V. (*taking her hand*). But they are. They are like ice!

MAUD. No, no; I assure you, I—(*snatches her hand away and strikes a discord.*)

MRS. C. (*starting*). What's the matter?

VON V. (*turning suddenly*). Nothing—only a false note. Mrs. Cleverly—a simple false note. (*to MAUD*) Now then. Mees Maud, if you please, we will begin again; and we will play with a trifle more expression—a shade more sentiment, isn't it? Ah, the more expression, the more sentiment! Now—(*beating time*) One, two, three—(*MAUD plays again.*)

MRS. C. Dear me, how provoking! (*rising*) Maud!

MAUD (*ceasing to play*). Yes, aunt.

MRS. C. Herr Von Vogelsang must pardon the interruption, but I am out of thread. Where shall I find some, my dear?

MAUD. In my chamber, aunt. (*she rises.*)

MRS. C. No, no! Pray do not let me disturb you; I'll go for some myself. I should be desperate at the thought of interrupting your lesson—music is such a bewitching accomplishment. What were those lovely words you sang just now, dear Herr Von Vogelsang?

VON V. “Liebster, deine Worte stehlen
Aus dem Busen mir das Herz.”

MRS. C. Enchanting! Do go on.

VON V. "O wie kann ich dir verhehlen
Meine Wonne, meinen Schmerz."

MRS. C. (*transported*). Heavenly lines! (*aside*) I'd give a good deal to know just what it all means. [Exit, R. 1 E.]

VON V. (*suddenly seizing MAUD's hands*). Meine Maudlin!

MAUD (*rising*). Sir! (*going to R.*) I have already begged you not to call me by that horrid name—I don't like it.

VON V. (*following her*). Mees—

MAUD. You seem to take a savage delight in frightening me. Even before my aunt you have had the audacity to—to—(*lowering her eyes*) For shame!

VON V. (*supplicating*). Ah, pardon me!

MAUD. No, sir; I will not pardon you. Your behavior is inexcusable.

VON V. Alas, mees, pity me ere you condemn. (*earnestly*) Well you know that I love you!

MAUD. (*severely*). Sir! You forget that I am engaged.

VON V. (*wringing his hands*). Engaged! And to whom? To a man whom you do not love—whom you do not know! (*she starts*) Only three times have you seen him, and yet—

MAUD. My father knows him.

VON V. No better than I do. Were I to tell you—

MAUD. What?

VON V. (*dramatically*). No, my lips are sealed! Marry this man—marry him and be happy—(*raising his eyes to heaven*) if you can!

MAUD. Why should I not be happy?

VON V. (*violently*). Because—(*suddenly commanding himself*) No, my lips are sealed. I will tell you all later.

MAUD. But, sir, I beg you—

Enter MORTIMER CLEVERLY, R. D. F., without seeing MAUD and VON VOGELSANG.

CLEVERLY. Yes, it is absolutely my duty to speak.

MAUD (*going to CLEVERLY*). Good morning, uncle.

CLEV. Ah, is it you? Good morning, my dear. (*bows to VON VOGELSANG.*)

MAUD. Is my trousseau ready?

CLEV. What trousseau?

MAUD. Why, the trousseau that aunt ordered for me.

CLEV. (*absently*). Oh, yes. No—that is, I don't know.

MAUD. Have you not been to the dress-maker's?

CLEV. Yes—I mean no. I don't know anything about it!

MAUD (*aside*). What can be the matter with him?

CLEV. (*aside*). Yes, I must speak out; procrastination is out of the question. (*aloud*) Is your father in his sanctum? (*turns up stage toward L. D. F.*)

MAUD. Yes; doubtless you will find him with my aunt.

CLEV. (*starting*). With my wife! I will return in a moment.

MAUD. Shall I call him?

CLEV. (*quickly*). No, no!—unnecessary. I'll be back shortly.

[Exit, L. D. F.]

MAUD (*aside*). What has happened?

Enter MRS. CLEVERLY, R. 1 E.

MRS. C. What, is the lesson over?

VON V. Yes, madame. Mees Maud seemed to feel a little fatigued.

MRS. C. Oh, I'm so sorry. I should have been so glad to have heard her play that "Tempest of Love" again.

Enter JOHN HENRY ROBINSON L. D. F.

Ah, here comes my brother! (*going to him*) Too late!—the lesson is over.

ROB. That's the reason I came.

VON V. (*graciously*). Mr. Robinson does not love music?

ROB. No, sir; I can't bear it.

VON V. I much regret. (*aside*) Cold as ice. (*aloud, saluting*) Good morning, sir.

ROB. (*tartly*). Good morning.

VON V. (*saluting the ladies*). Mrs. Cleverly—Mees Maud. (*aside, turning to go*) Courage, now! As one says in this barbarous country, it will be necessary to take the horns of the bull!

[*Exit, R. . . F.*]

ROB. I can't abide that simpering ape.

MRS. C. (*indignantly*). Is it possible?—and he such an incomparable artist!

ROB. I do not regard him in the light of an artist; as a man he is—

MRS. C. Charming—perfectly charming.

ROB. Speak for yourself.

MRS. C. (*piqued*). For myself, and everybody else.

ROB. Oh, well, I don't propose to argue the point. (*to MAUD, who shows signs of emotion*) What is the matter with you?

MRS. C. Why, yes! Dear child, how pale you are!

MAUD. It is nothing. I am not quite well—a little nervous. The idea of leaving you—of marrying a man—Ah! (*falls weeping upon the piano-stool.*)

MRS. C. (*going to her*). Poor dear! She is so impressionable—me all over again.

ROB. My dear Maud, command yourself.

MAUD (*rising*). Mar—marry me to a m—man I don't even know!

ROB. What! You don't know him? and yet he sends you a bouquet every evening!

MAUD. I met him at the opera for the first time, only a month ago!

ROB. What difference does that make? People must be satisfied to meet wherever they can. Are you aware where I first met your mother? 'Twas on a parade-ground during a display of fire-works. There is no reason why you should not be as happy as your mother was.

MAUD. If Mr. Smythe only loved me! But he doesn't even look at me.

ROB. That's true! I've remarked that fact, and I have called him to an account. "You don't pay my daughter sufficient attention," I said; and he replied, "I know I don't."

MAUD. Just think of it!

ROB. But he added, "This treatment is only for the time being. I am at present overwhelmed with a serious affair, which claims all my attention; when I have straightened it out I shall be at your daughter's service." So I suppose you must wait until he is straightened out.

MRS. C. Your father is right, my dear; we must not judge Mr. Smythe by appearances only. At heart I am sure he is an excellent fellow.

MAUD. (*sighing*). I hope so, aunt.

MRS. C. Then cheer up, and turn your attention to the auspicious day. Is your wedding-dress ready?

MAUD. Yes: all but the wreath and veil.

MRS. C. They will be here shortly. I have ordered them of a new milliner, who was recommended to me, in spite of your uncle's opposition.

MAUD (*laughing*). What had uncle to do with it?

MRS. C. Nothing at all, as I very soon gave him to understand.

Enter a MAID R. D. F.

MAID. There is a messenger here from the milliner.

MRS. C. Ah! Let her come in.

[*Exit MAID, R. D. F.*]

Enter, R. D. F., AMELIA THOMPSON, with a bandbox, which she places upon the table.

AMELIA. Good morning, ladies. (*perceiving ROBINSON*) Ah!

ROB. (*recognizing AMELIA*). Oh!

MRS. C. (*surprised*). Are you and my brother acquainted?

AMELIA (*embarrassed*). Slightly. Yes, I—I met the gentleman at the last house where I worked—where he came in the capacity of architect.

MRS. C. *and* MAUD. Architect!

ROB. (*quickly*). That is, as the friend of the architect. He—er—invited me to accompany him, don't you see?

AMELIA. Yes—don't you see? (*pointing to ROBINSON*) Mr. Strathmore—

ROB. (*aside to AMELIA*). Robinson.

AMELIA (*taking the hint*). Yes: Mr. Robinson called frequently with his friend. (*aside to ROBINSON*) A word with you before I leave this house.

ROB. (*aside*). Here's confusion worse confounded!

MRS. C. (*to MAUD*). Come, my dear, let us try on the wreath. (*takes bandbox from table and turns up stage.*)

AMELIA. Pardon me, but the young lady is not dressed.

MAUD. Is it necessary?

AMELIA. Certainly, miss: it is indispensable. The head-dress is made to accompany the rest of the toilet.

ROB. Of course. Otherwise we could not judge of the effect.

MRS. C. (*to MAUD*). Come, my dear; I will assist you. This young woman will wait a moment.

AMELIA. Certainly, madame. [*Exit MRS. C. and MAUD, R. 1 E.*]

AMELIA (*sternly*). Now, sir, explain!

ROB. Explain what?

AMELIA. Has Madame Mirabella deceived me?

ROB. Why didn't she tell me—

AMELIA. Come, come! We have no time to lose. In two words:—Is it true that you have sought my hand through Madame Mirabella?

ROB. She offered it to me, but she did not tell me that—

AMELIA. What?

ROB. That you were in the employ of my sister. That alters the case.

AMELIA. Then you refuse?

ROB. By no means! (*aside*) Bless my stars, she's a regular little bully! (*aloud*) I do not refuse; I only ask time for reflection.

AMELIA (*sadly*). I thought as much! I knew you would never marry me.

ROB. Did I say I would not? (*aside*) What remarkably fine eyes!

AMELIA. We poor girls never did stand any show!

ROB. Why not? (*approaching and taking her hand*) Especially when they are young and pretty.

AMELIA. We are deceived, as you have deceived me!

ROB. I?

AMELIA. We are decoyed into so-called matrimonial agencies!

ROB. I beg your pardon—

AMELIA. Oh, it is outrageous!—infamous!

ROB. (*aside*). Anger becomes her. How the Philpot Browne blood does tell! (*aloud*) You don't know me, my dear. I'm a man of principle, and it was in accordance with my principles that I requested Mme. Mirabella to—

AMELIA. Why did you conceal your name?

ROB. Goodness gracious! listen to me. I was prudent. If they should suspect in this house that I contemplated a second marriage, and that too with a person in your station—

AMELIA (*proudly*). I would have you to understand, sir, that I might have been an alderman's wife!

ROB. And yet you stuck to dress-making? Mind, I don't reproach you; but in my case, you see, we are obliged to consider social prejudices. People might wonder that a man having an income of five thousand a year—

AMELIA (*quickly*). Have you so much?

ROB. I have.—Should marry a young woman who has only a certain grace, good looks—

AMELIA. And her dowry.

ROB. Yes, I know; five thousand dollars from your god-father, Philpot Browne.

AMELIA (*puzzled*). Who?

ROB. Oh, I have inquired into the standing of your family. I know that they hold property in Hoboken. (*AMELIA regards him with astonishment*) Then, too, Madame Mirabella drew quite a faithful picture of your qualities. She said you were amiable—that I saw yesterday; quick-tempered—that I see to-day; and gay—that we shall see. (*AMELIA smiles*) Yes, you are gay!

AMELIA (*modestly*). Nonsense!

ROB. In a word, Madame Mirabella has revealed all—all except your being in the employ of my sister, which complicates matters. However, you please me, and you shall be my wife.

AMELIA (*embarrassed*). But, really—

ROB. I only demand one week of mystery; that is, until I have got my daughter off my hands. Were my future son-in-law to get wind of my intentions, he'd break up the whole thing.

AMELIA. Then you fear—

ROB. He has our future lives all cut and dried to suit himself. I never met so methodical a fellow as this same Rutherford Smythe.

AMELIA (*starting*). What did you say?—Rutherford—

ROB. Smythe. Do you know him?

AMELIA. Slightly. He used sometimes to call at the shop. (*aside*) Here is a go!

Enter RUTHERFORD SMYTHE, R. D. F.

RUTH. My dear father-in-law—(*perceives AMELIA*) Amelia! (*recoils, stupefied.*)

ROB. (*to AMELIA*). He seems surprised to see you. (*to RUTHERFORD, laughingly*) Don't be alarmed; this young lady will not betray you.

RUTH. (*stammering*). Ah! She—I—you know all?

ROB. She has brought something for Maud, but she won't speak of your capers when you visited the shop where she worked, you sly dog.

RUTH. (*blankly*). Ah! Yes, yes—capers. (*glancing at AMELIA, who remains unmoved*) Yes, capers.

ROB. (*laughing*). But you mustn't cut up any more, you know.

RUTH. No, no; certainly not. (*aside*) In Heaven's name, what does he mean? (*glancing at AMELIA*) Something terrible must have taken place.

ROB. Ah! here come the ladies.

Enter, R. I E., MRS. CLEVERLY and MAUD, the latter in wedding costume.

MRS. C. Mr. Smythe, permit me to present to you your bride elect! (*leading MAUD forward*) What have you to say?

RUTH. (*aside, lost in a reverie*). Something terrible must have taken place, that's certain!

MAUD. You see, aunt, he no more hears than sees us!

MRS. C. (*calling*). Mr. Smythe!

RUTH. (*saluting*). Eh? What? Ah, I beg pardon. You look remarkably well. Thanks. How are you?

MRS. C. What an absent-minded man! (*to AMELIA*) Now, then, young woman, if you will adjust this pleat.

ROB. (*turning up stage*). If you are going to talk dry-goods, I'm off. Will you come along, Rutherford?

RUTH. (*relieved*). With all my heart!

AMELIA (*advancing imperiously*). Remain, Mr. Smythe!

RUTH. (*crushed*). On second thoughts, I think I'll remain.

[*Exit ROBINSON, R. D. F.*

MRS. C. (*to RUTHERFORD*). That's very nice in you; and to repay you—look! (*she turns MAUD around towards him*)

RUTH. Magnificent! The flowers are superb, and most artistically arranged.

MRS. C. (*pointing to AMELIA*). The work of this young woman.

RUTH. Indeed! She certainly has a practised hand.

MRS. C. I know whom I employ. (*to MAUD*) Now, my dear, we had better lay aside these robes for a more auspicious moment. (*removes the wreath and veil and hands them to AMELIA*) Be good enough to replace these in the box.

AMELIA (*going to table*). Very well, madam.

MRS. C. (*to MAUD*). Come, my dear. (*to RUTHERFORD*) Mr. Smythe will receive our return.

[*Exit with MAUD, R. I E.*

AMELIA. At last we are alone. (*advancing upon RUTHERFORD menacingly*) So you intend to be married?

RUTH. (*confused*). Well, you see, I—

AMELIA. Your reason for being married?

RUTH. I am driven to it! I explained the situation in my letter.

AMELIA. What letter?

RUTH. (*naturally*). Haven't you received it? Well, you'll find it when you get home. It's an extremely nice letter, if I do say it—explains everything in a nutshell—all about my future, my unreasonable superior, the evening at the opera; in fact, it's a pocket edition of my existence for the past three months.

AMELIA (*suppressing her anger*). And do you suppose that this "pocket edition" will suffice?

RUTH. I have also written a few verses on the subject. (*drawing a manuscript from his pocket*) See!

AMELIA (*repulsing him*). I don't want to look at them.

RUTH. (*with injured air*). You make a great mistake.

AMELIA. He dares to affront me with his verses. What insolence!

RUTH. (*gently*). What! Are we vexed with each other? Can we not separate amicably? I am to be married, it is true; but then, so are you.

AMELIA (*quickly*). You knew then that——

RUTH. (*tranquilly*). I know that all has been arranged. Madame Mirabella has informed me that she has presented you to one of her clients, that he was pleased with you, that you were pleased with him, and that a marriage between you has been agreed upon. Thereupon I determined to write to you, (*sentimentally*) not wishing to seek your congratulations until I could offer you mine.

AMELIA. And so it was to you that the idea occurred——

RUTH. Of marrying you off? Yes, my dear.

AMELIA. And the five thousand dollars?

RUTH. Also originated with me.

AMELIA. How about my god-father?

RUTH. (*bowing and smiling*). Your humble servant!

AMELIA. But who is Philpot Browne?

RUTH. Myself—this omnipresent I!

AMELIA. Very clever indeed, sir.

RUTH. (*modestly*). So I flatter myself.

AMELIA (*becoming excited*). So you are content with yourself, are you? You fancy you have achieved something delicate, grand, noble, chivalrous. Scoundrel!

RUTH. (*amazed*). Amelia!

AMELIA (*indignantly*). And this was the man I loved! This the man to whom I would have sacrificed youth, freedom, and family! (RUTHERFORD *starts*) Yes, my family, my ancestors—true gentlemen, who would have scorned to skulk behind an assumed name for the purpose of committing an odious deed!

RUTH. Pray, what do you mean?

AMELIA. Hurl the woman you loved into the arms of another!

RUTH. (*vered*). I beg your——

AMELIA. You no longer love me, and naturally wish to be rid of me. I suppose I ought to be in despair—take my life perhaps; but in retaining the right to hate you, I shall not forget to despise you!

RUTH. (*gently*). Oh, well, my dear, what is the use of creating a scene when the whole thing is satisfactorily arranged?

AMELIA (*scornfully*). You consider it so, do you?

RUTH. Of course you need not accept the hand which has been offered you.

AMELIA (*quickly*). Nor more I shall!

RUTH. But Madame Mirabella told me——

AMELIA. It is false!

RUTH. (*shrugging his shoulders*). Well, what is done can't be undone. My marriage is an accomplished fact: the certificate is drawn up, and in a week's time I shall have ceased to be a Benedick.

AMELIA. Consequently I must hold my peace, eh? There is just one thing about it—you have been treacherous, cruel, cowardly; but you have been frank. I congratulate you, Mr. Philpot Browne!

RUTH. (*angrily*). I accept your congratulations ; and in return I give you five thousand dollars. It's quite a sum, and don't you forget it.

AMELIA. It's cheap enough for what you gain, sir !

RUTH. Plenty of people in my place would not have allowed you one red cent.

AMELIA. Insolence !

RUTH. Beware lest you raise my ire ! (*turns up stage and sits upon sofa at back.*)

AMELIA (*aside*). Oh, for revenge ! Well, if he forces me to it, let the consequences rest upon his head ! (*aloud*) Well, sir, I resign. You are free to marry Miss Robinson. (*turns up stage.*)

RUTH. (*surprised*). Eh ?

AMELIA (*leaning upon mantel-piece*). I have no wish to be an obstacle in your path.

RUTH. (*rising and approaching her*). Now, that's hearty ! (*gently*) I see you understand that my future—

AMELIA. Necessitates some sacrifices, of course.

RUTH. Exactly. I have been informed that were I a married man, my position would be bettered. Besides, Mr. Robinson is wealthy, has but one daughter, and is a widower.

AMELIA. Ah ! Is he a widower ?

RUTH. Yes. You see the bait is tempting—no mother-in-law !

AMELIA (*ironically*). I see ! No mother-in-law ! (*she comes down stage.*)

RUTH. (*aside*). She's all right !

AMELIA (*aside*). No mother-in-law, eh ? It shall be my duty to see that he has one !

RUTH. So, then, you pardon me ?

AMELIA. Silence ! Some one is coming. (*she seats herself near table.*)

Enter MRS. CLEVERLY, R. 1. E.

MRS. C. There ! I've left Maud with her governess. It strikes me, Mr. Smythe, that you might go and relieve the governess.

RUTH. I, Mrs. Cleverly ?

MRS. C. Certainly. It is a duty which I fear you neglect ; in fact, Maud complains. (RUTHERFORD *starts*) But then we know that that famous affair is engrossing all your attention. Will it be settled before long ?

RUTH. It is settled already—definitely settled.

MRS. C. Ah ! Then spread the wings of love, fly to her and make up for lost time.

RUTH. With pleasure, Mrs. Cleverly—with all my—(*his glance encounters that of AMELIA ; he pauses abruptly—with changed tone*) my conscience !

[*Exit, hurriedly, R. 1. E.*]

MRS. C. (*to AMELIA*). Now I will run over to the shop with you, as I have some further orders to give ; but we must make haste, for I never know what may take place during my absence. You see, my husband is wholly incompetent to take my place. (MORTIMER CLEVERLY *puts his head in at L. D. F.*)

CLEV. Honoria ! (*closes door precipitately.*)

MRS. C. (*to AMELIA*). Are you acquainted with my husband ?

AMELIA. No, madam.

MRS. C. Well, he's a complete nonentity. He was specially created for me to use—to run errands for me, and the like.

AMELIA. Indeed ?

Enter ROBINSON, R. D. F.

ROB. Is Cleverly not here?

MRS. C. No.

ROB. Why, they told me he had just come in.

MRS. C. I haven't seen him; I have kept no track of him for the past two days. He breakfasts before I am up, and comes home long after I have retired. I fail to understand his behavior.

ROB. Can it be that you suspect—

MRS. C. Nothing! Poor man, he is incapable of any sort of an irregularity. All the same, we shall have an explanation. (*to* AMELIA) Come.

ROBINSON *opens* R. D. F. *and salutes the ladies as they exit. Simultaneously* CLEVERLY *opens* L. D. F. *and peeps in.*

CLEV. Are they gone?

ROB. What! Are you there?

CLEV. (*coming down rapidly*). Hush!

ROB. (*surprised, aside*). What ails the man? (*aloud*) Didn't you want your wife to see you?

CLEV. Not before *her*! That's why I concealed myself. I had no idea she had brought *her* here.

ROB. Brought who here?

CLEV. That young girl, Amelia.

ROB. (*quickly*). You know her?

CLEV. Know her! (*raising his arms to heaven*) Ah, my friend! (*falls upon sofa at back.*)

ROB. (*aside*). So, so! (*aloud*) Pray how came you to know her?

CLEV. Were I to tell you, you would not believe me.

ROB. (*nervously*). In Heaven's name, what do you mean?

CLEV. She is my daughter!

ROB. (*recoiling*). Nonsense!

CLEV. (*rising*). The daughter from whom I have sought to estrange myself, but whom fate, with savage irony, has sent to me when I can least afford to receive her. Do you follow me?

ROB. No; I am compelled to admit that I am off the track entirely. What! *You* have a daughter?

CLEV. Yes, my friend. You now know the secret of my existence—the terrible secret which I had determined never to reveal to you; but fate has decreed otherwise. Therefore I confide in you.

ROB. (*wringing his hand*). Thanks, brother-in-law.

CLEV. The story I have to tell you dates back to a brilliant epoch in my life.

ROB. (*astonished*). Have you enjoyed a brilliant epoch?

CLEV. A dazzling one! (*posing*) Though still a fine-looking man, (*ROBINSON makes a grimace*) I am nothing to what I was at twenty-two. Perhaps I need not tell you what a lady-killer I was forty years ago?

ROB. No, no; pray don't trouble yourself. Leave that to my imagination.

CLEV. Among the ladies of my acquaintance there was one who vowed me eternal adoration. (*ROBINSON starts*) The word may strike you as strong, but I assure you I never met such abject devotion.

ROB. Who was this person?

CLEV. A dramatic artiste, named Titania.

ROB. Lovely title!

CLEV. No less lovely than its owner. Well, we were married. One year later Titania left me, to play an engagement in New Orleans. On the very first night the theatre was burned, and I piously buried the charred remains of my fair wife—in my imagination.

ROB. Rather a festive cemetery, eh?

CLEV. I beg you not to make light of a serious subject.—Five years passed, and I married your sister. The very day after the wedding, (*with a sigh*) just as I was beginning to understand the gravity of my position, (*drawing a letter from his pocket*) I received this letter.

ROB. A love-letter?

CLEV. Listen and judge. (*reading*) “Dearest Mortimer—If you have not lost all recollection of the wife who once passionately loved you, and if you are still the noble-hearted fellow you once were, go to New Orleans, seek out the boarding house of Mrs. Bender, and claim your four-year-old daughter. In bidding you farewell, understand that I do not blame you for deserting me, since sooner or later I should have deserted you. When you read these lines I shall have left the country to remain remain abroad until I become rich enough and old enough to claim you. Yours for all eternity, TITANIA.”

ROB. Rich and old enough! Has she never returned?

CLEV. Never. And, as you may surmise, I am not particular about her returning. Had I no wife—but unfortunately I am married, and your sister is the last person in the world to whom I could tell this story.

ROB. No, she wouldn't take kindly to it.

CLEV. I have reared my daughter as best I could, passing for the steward of the family. She calls me old Dickson. Do you appreciate my position?

ROB. Perfectly.

CLEV. Two days since my wife took it into her head to trade at the very shop where Amelia is employed. Naturally I am wild with apprehension—have almost ceased to exist. Ah, my friend, help me out of this mess if you can.

ROB. (*smiling*). Fear nothing.—Far from discouraging me, your narrative fills me with profound joy.

CLEV. Eh?

ROB. I foresee the dawn of a new era of happiness and tranquillity for us both.

CLEV. How so?

ROB. This young girl, whom you dare not introduce to the family, shall enter it—upon my arm, as my wife?

CLEV. You will do this for me? (*excitedly*) Ah, what disinterestedness!

ROB. But I find her charming.

CLEV. No, no; do not attempt to depreciate your act. You are noble to marry a girl without a cent to her name!

ROB. I beg you pardon; she has five thousand dollars!

CLEV. What?

ROB. Five thousand dollars from her god-father!

CLEV. But she has no god-father.

ROB. Certainly she has—a Mr. J. Philpot Browne, of Hoboken.

CLEV. Who told you that?

ROB. The person at whose house I met her, Madame Mirabella, of Second Avenue. But Amelia will tell you herself.

CLEV. Does Amelia know this god-father?

ROB. Of course she does.

CLEV. She never spoke to me of him.

ROB. It may be a secret.

CLEV. A secret! Do you believe it to be a secret?

ROB. How should I know?

CLEV. Heavens! A suspicion assails me. Suppose she were already engaged?

ROB. To whom?

CLEV. To this Philpot Browne. Whence comes he? Why does he conceal himself?

ROB. That's a fact!

CLEV. Then you have your doubts? I see you have. It is my duty to interview this Philpot Browne. Where does he live?

ROB. You must inquire of Madame Mirabella.

CLEV. I fly! (*rushes up stage to R. D. F., and encounters the MAID, who enters.*)

MAID. This way, if you please, sir.

Enter COLONEL BOLSTER, R. D. F. Exit MAID.

ROB. (*to CLEVERLY*). Stay!—Here is Madame Mirabella's butler.

COLONEL (*frigidly*). I beg your pardon, sir; I am no butler, but a Bolster—Harry Bolster, Colonel of——

ROB. Can you tell us Philpot Browne's address?

COLONEL. Certainly, sir. The Terrace, Hoboken.

CLEV. Thanks, very much. I'm off to the ferry!

ROB. Wait a moment.

CLEV. (*wildly*). Wait, when my happiness and safety at stake? Never!
[*Rushes off R. D. F.*]

ROB. (*trying to detain him*). Cleverly!

COLONEL (*detaining ROBINSON*). Beg pardon, sir;—two words with you.

ROB. (*pausing*). With me?

COLONEL. Doubtless you suspect the motive of my visit.

ROB. No, sir; and I am much surprised——

COLONEL. In the first place, here is your overcoat which you left at Madame Mirabella's.

ROB. Thank you.

COLONEL. And this card you left in the overcoat. Through it we have learned your true name, though at the same time we have discovered with regret your lack of confidence in us.

ROB. That's a fact!

COLONEL (*haughtily*). Sir!

ROB. No, no! Pardon me; I intended only to be discreet.

COLONEL. If it was discretion merely, I have nothing to say.

ROB. Pure discretion, I assure you.

COLONEL. Very well. The object of my visit is explained; Madame Mirabella having appealed to my honor as a gentleman, I could not refuse.

ROB. Of course you couldn't.

COLONEL. So, then, you have not renounced the proposition made you by Madame Mirabella?

ROB. By no means!

COLONEL. Then you will be present at our little soiree this evening, my dear Mr. Robinson?

ROB. Heavens! Don't call me Robinson. I shall be very much

obliged to you if for the time being, at least, you will permit me to remain plain Strathmore. It can make no difference to you.

COLONEL. Not the slightest.

ROB. I wish to be discreet, you understand.

COLONEL. Discretion is one of my weak points. (*saluting*) Good day, Mr. Strathmore. Charmed to have renewed your acquaintance. (*as he is about to exit by R. D. F. he encounters the MAID, and chucks her under the chin*) Ah, you little rogue! [*Exit.*]

MAID (*glancing after COLONEL*). I wonder what they call that thing. (*announcing to ROBERTSON*) A letter for you, sir.

ROB. (*starting*). Give it me. (*MAID gives letter to ROBINSON and exits*) Brought by messenger, eh? (*he breaks the seal*) I don't recognize this writing—must be a strange hand. (*reading*) “Dear Sir—I have the utmost disdain for people who write anonymous letters, but such missives assume an honorable cast when addressed to the blind.”—What does that mean? (*reading*) “Know then, sir, that the course of life led by your future son-in-law is perfectly scandalous.”—Eh? what's this? (*reading*) “He is a cruel deceiver; is engaged to several young ladies, and notably to one whom he has no right to desert.”—The devil! (*reading*) “I will write no more to-day.”—I rather think that will be sufficient. Signed “A MUSIC-HATER.”—Now, who can that be?

Enter RUTHERFORD SMYTHE, R. D. F., wearing a sprightly air.

Ah, Rutherford! (*aside*) He comes most opportunely.

RUTH. Ah, my dear father-in-law! Delighted to see you.

ROB. I return the compliment.

RUTH. I have just passed a delicious half-hour with your charming daughter. I don't think I fully appreciated how unutterably charming she is.

ROB. Indeed!

RUTH. Such amiability, grace and delicacy—she is lovely!

ROB. (*repressing his anger*). I am glad you find her so.

RUTH. We talked over lots of things—literature, the fine arts, political economy, physics—she's well posted upon all topics—understands all the questions of the day. You're a happy father.

ROB. Am I not?

RUTH. And I shall be a happy husband, for we understand each other perfectly now, and I love her, sir, I love her!

ROB. (*losing command of himself*). And how about your other sweet-hearts?

RUTH. (*recoiling aghast*). My sweet—

ROB. Here's a letter just received.

RUTH. (*glancing rapidly at letter*). Oh! this is infamous! You have pinned your faith upon an anonymous letter, instead of despising—

ROB. Sir, I do despise it, but I cannot ignore it; and my paternal duty obliges me to question you. Is it true that you are engaged to another than my daughter? Answer me!

RUTH. Yes. I was engaged, but am now free to marry your daughter.

ROB. What proof have I of this fact?

RUTH. (*simply*). My present attitude, sir.

ROB. (*angrily*). Bah! What are you giving me?

RUTH. Giving you, sir? I am trying to persuade you that had I not broken my chain, you would not see me here to-day, free, smiling, joyous: (*taking ROBINSON's hand*) for I am joyous as a bird!

ROB. (*sulkily*). Don't paw me!

RUTH. This very morning I was gloomy, nervous, anxious; but now I breathe again, laugh, joke, and dream of your daughter.

ROB. (*sternly*). I forbid you!

RUTH. (*gently*). Excuse me, but I have the start of you there. I told you that, when my business had been adjusted——

ROB. What! was that your business?

RUTH. What business but a youthful adventure I was determined to liquidate, could engross me at such a time? I am a methodical person, sir, and before turning my attention to the present, I wished to shake off the past.

ROB. And have you succeeded in shaking it off?

RUTH. To the last fleck! I am a methodical person, sir, and when I shake I shake.

ROB. But who shall say that your heart will not return to this woman at some future time? Old passions do break out. Were the chains which you have sundered to be forged again, would you have the strength to——

RUTH. (*tranquilly*). No, I admit that I shouldn't have——

ROB. (*starting*). Eh?

RUTH. I am very weak. But I have taken precautions. (*smiling*) I have secured a husband for the lady in question.

ROB. What! could any man be fool enough to——

RUTH. Ah, the fools are not all dead yet.

ROB. (*laughing*). Fortunately not.

RUTH. Very fortunately—for me. There is no doubt about it; the fellow is an unadulterated imbecile. (*laughing*) Big joke, isn't it?

ROB. (*laughing*). Immense! (*they both laugh vociferously*) But—but what will he say when he discovers the truth?

RUTH. Who—the husband?

ROB. Yes, the imbecile.

RUTH. Oh, he'll be all right; the dowry will stop his mouth.

ROB. (*laughing*). Is there a dowry?

RUTH. Why, certainly; and it has cost me a pretty penny.

ROB. (*roaring with laughter*). God bless my soul, the joke is so rich I can't be angry with you. Give me your hand. (*they shake hands cordially and continue to laugh*.)

Enter VON VOGELSANG, R. D. F., and pauses in amazement.

VON V. (*aside*). What! they are shaking hands! Donner-wetter! Was it for this I counterfeited my hand-writing?

ROB. Stay! Here's the piano-fiend. (*to Von V.*) Did you wish to speak to me, sir?

VON V. (*advancing and saluting*). Yes, sir. I—I came to request the honor of—(*aside*) My heart faints: I cannot——

ROB. Well, sir, what is your request?

VON V. (*humbly*). That you accept the dedication of my latest work, "Love's Transport."

ROB. Will my portrait be on the cover?

VON V. Oh, certainly.

ROB. (*magnanimously*). Ah, I accept, then—I accept. (*turns his back on Von V.*)

VON V. (*aside*). That shot did not tell. Well, I must try the aunt.

Enter MRS. CLEVERLY, precipitately, R. 1 E., followed by MAUD.

MRS. C. (*excitedly*). John Henry!

ROB. What's the matter?

MRS. C. (*falling into a chair*). Something has happened—something unprecedented, incredible, monstrous!

ROB. What is it?

RUTH. Speak!

MRS. C. My husband—Mortimer has fled!

ROB. Fled! where?

MRS. C. For some time his conduct has aroused my suspicions. The man no longer breakfasts, dines, nor sleeps at home. I followed him this morning, tracked him to the ferry, and witnessed his departure on the eleven-fifty-two boat! (*bursting into tears*) He's gone over to Jersey!

ROB. What madness!

MRS. C. He has abandoned me, the rascal!

ROB. Listen to me.

MRS. C. Of course I know his path was not strewn with roses, but (*rising with spirit*) I had my share of the thorns.

ROB. Command yourself. I tell you Mortimer has not deserted you.

MRS. C. Then why did he take that ferry?

ROB. Simply to go over to Hoboken.

MRS. C. Hoboken! What is he doing in Hoboken?

ROB. (*hesitating*). I—I don't know.

MRS. C. Say, rather, that you are ashamed to confess. He has an appointment with a rival of mine!

RUTH. (*shocked*). Mrs. Cleverly!

MAUD. Aunt!

MRS. C. Go away, my dear; do not listen. Scandals are not for your ears. (*turns up stage*.)

ROB. (*following her*). Calm yourself, Honoria.

MRS. C. (*wildly*). Calm myself! (*wringing her hands*) There, I am calm. See? Ha, ha, ha! (*falls hysterically upon sofa at back*.)

MAUD. Dear aunt! Heavens! she has fainted! Help! water! salts!

[*Rushes off* R. 1 E.]

MRS. C. (*rising suddenly*). Is there no man among you?

VON V. (*advancing*). Yes, madam. Behold one!

RUTH. (*examining Von V. with an eye-glass*). I shouldn't have suspected it!

MRS. C. (*seizing Von V.'s hand*). Good! Follow me!

VON V. Where?

MRS. C. To Hoboken!

[*Rushes off* D. C. F., *dragging Von V. with her*.]

ROB. She's mad! (*rushes after Mrs. C.*) Honoria! Sister!

Simultaneously MAUD and the MAID enter, R. 1 E., with a glass of water and vinaigrette. MAUD flies into RUTHERFORD'S arms.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The parlor in MADAME MIRABELLA'S suite, Second Avenue.*

As the curtain rises, PETER is discovered upon step-ladder, lighting the chandelier. Enter THE UNKNOWN at back, in grotesque evening dress. He blunders down the stage and collides with the ladder.

UNKNOWN. Ah! I beg pardon.

PETER (*starting and looking down—aside*). Humph! I might have known it was he.

UNKNOWN (*timidly*). Really I beg pardon! Is—is Madame—

PETER (*airily*). Madame Mirabella is dressing. Do you wish to speak to her?

UNKNOWN (*hesitating*). Yes—and no. Don't you see I've come to the soirée?

PETER. At this hour!

UNKNOWN (*surprised*). Certainly. Look! (*he moves to the opposite side of the step-ladder and shows his invitation to PETER*) The invitation says eight o'clock. (*he shows his watch*) It is eight o'clock!

PETER (*laughing*). Well, if it says eight, it means nine!

UNKNOWN (*abashed*). Oh, does it?

PETER (*descending*). Call in about nine.

[*Exit at back, carrying step-ladder.*]

UNKNOWN (*gently*). Thank you, I will. (*as he is about to exit at back*)

MADAME MIRABELLA *enters R., in full evening costume.*

MME. M. Why, good evening, my dear sir. How charming in you to come (*smiling*) the first.

UNKNOWN. Yes, I've just been informed that I'm ahead of time, but (*turns up stage*) I'm off.

MME. M. Oh, remain, I beg of you. (*smiling*) We'll take advantage of the opportunity to have a little chat. (*sitting upon sofa and pointing to a chair close at hand*) Pray be seated.

UNKNOWN (*sitting, doubtfully*). May I inquire whether you have yet discovered the person who consents to link her destiny with mine?

MME. M. Oh, not yet. I have consulted the oracle who presides over our Great Hindoo Secret, and it requests its priestess to bid you to be patient. Marriage, as I understand it, should be the result of reflection; and I would not have you contract one of those hap-hazard unions which are so much in vogue.

UNKNOWN (*gently*). No more would I.

MME. M. Then we understand each other. Grant me my own good time, and I flatter myself that ere long I shall be able to present to you a spouse after your own heart.

UNKNOWN. But she must understand how to tend shop!

MME. M. Yes, I know—the business your aunt left you. I shall make a note of that. When I inform you that I have chosen a wife for you, you will discover in her all those qualities which should grace the person who is destined to bear your name.

UNKNOWN. You are too good, madame!

MME. M. Oh, not at all. (*rising*) I do my duty—that is all. Ah, here comes the Colonel.

Enter COLONEL BOLSTER, at back, with a grand flourish.

COLONEL (*saluting*). Fair lady! (*bows to UNKNOWN.*)

MME. M. (*to UNKNOWN*). Will you permit me to have a word in private with this gentleman?

UNKNOWN. Oh, pray don't mind me, madame, I beseech you. I will retire at once.

MME. M. So soon? Why, the evening has not begun!

UNKNOWN. I will return later, when there are more folks about.

MME. M. No, no! remain. (*mysteriously*) Your presence may be—understand me, *may* be necessary.

UNKNOWN (*joyfully*). Indeed!

MME. M. (*pointing to D. L.*). Make yourself at home in my studio yonder; you will find plenty of books and journals to amuse you.

UNKNOWN. Oh, I may drop asleep; that will amuse me best of all.

[*Exit L., accompanied to the door by MME. M.*]

MME. M. (*returning abruptly to COLONEL*). Well, have you been to Robinson's house?

COLONEL. Yes. By the by, he begs me not to call him Robinson, but Strathmore. He insists upon Strathmore.

MME. M. Does he? Why?

COLONEL. For private reasons. Knowing your principles of discretion, I suppose you will sympathize with him.

MME. M. Of course. But did you mention the five per cent.?

COLONEL (*shocked*). Certainly not! That is a private matter, and has nothing whatever to do with me. I represent you simply as a friend.

MME. M. Still, even as a friend, you might have explained to him that he will be expected to pay five per cent. upon—

COLONEL. You will be able to explain in person, since he is to be present this evening.

MME. M. Ah! then you reminded him—

COLONEL. Of course I did. As a friend I am interested in the success of your soirée.

MME. M. (*turning up stage*). I shall count upon you to receive the ladies in the hall and conduct them to my chamber, (*pointing to D. R.*) where they may leave their wraps.

COLONEL. With pleasure!

PETER (*announcing*). Mr. J. Philpot Browne!

COLONEL. Ah! Browne. Ought I to tell him—

MME. M. Later, Colonel, later! Leave me now. (*hurries him off R.*)

Enter RUTHERFORD SMYTHE, at back.

RUTH. (*advancing*). You must pardon me, madame, for presenting myself at so early an hour, but—

MME. M. Pray do not mention it, sir.

RUTH. You see, I have not had an instant to myself since yesterday. to come to you and demand tidings of the little affair you have so kindly undertaken in my behalf.

MME. M. It is well under way. (*smiling*) We have already secured a suitor.

RUTH. Yes, a person of the name of Strathmore, I understand. Nice fellow?

MME. M. Oh, excessively nice! Otherwise I should not have proposed him.

RUTH. Young?

MME. M. Well, he has been younger; but he's just in the prime of life.

RUTH. Better looking than I am?

MME. M. Oh, no!

RUTH. That's good! (MME. M. looks at him in surprise) I astonish you? It's only a little weakness, a bit of vanity—a god-father's vanity. (*changing his tone*) So, then, this Mr. Strathmore consents to live in the country?

MME. M. He will consent, being a very tractable person.

RUTH. (*suddenly*). Do you believe he'll make her happy?

MME. M. I'm sure he will.

RUTH. Thank Heaven! (*sentimentally*) Poor Amelia! I insist upon her being happy.

MME. M. You will be able to judge for yourself, however, since I have invited them both to my *soirée*.

RUTH. Ah, that explains this gala scene. You receive, then, this evening?

MME. M. I have invited you. Didn't you receive my letter?

RUTH. No!

MME. M. I addressed it to Hoboken.

RUTH. (*quickly*). To Hoboken? I didn't return last night. I—I remained in the city.

MME. M. Didn't your god-daughter inform you that—

RUTH. I haven't seen her, nor have I been able to devote a single thought to her since I was here—I have been so absorbed in private affairs.

MME. M. Well, she will be here presently with Mr. Strathmore, and you will see how wonderfully one becomes the other.

RUTH. I only hope they do. (*suddenly changing his tone*) By the way, how much do I owe you?

MME. M. (*graciously*). Nothing at all!

RUTH. Oh, that is altogether too little.

MME. M. It could not well be less, I admit; still, if you care to reimburse me for what I have laid out on stationery, postage and messenger fees, to bring this thing about, (*modestly*) why, give me a trifling bank-note—(RUTHERFORD produces pocket-book) but not this evening; to-morrow—(*archly*) to-morrow, between ten and eleven.

RUTH. As you please, madame. And now, since you have been good enough to invite me to your *soirée*, I am going to fly to my hotel and make myself presentable for so auspicious an occasion.

He salutes and turns up stage to encounter THE COLONEL, who enters at back.

COLONEL (*facetiously*). Ah, there you are. Mr. Browne! Very glad of this opportunity to take you by the forelock.

RUTH. (*aside*). Impudent hireling!

COLONEL. Permit me to return the fifty-cent piece which you gave me by mistake.

RUTH. Was it counterfeit?

COLONEL. I'm sure I don't know; but—

RUTH. Well, there's another, to take its place. (*tosses him a coin and exits at back.*)

COLONEL (*wildly*). Great Scott! This is too much! Here, Browne! Philpot! This is the second time—

MME. M. He's gone.

COLONEL (*coming down, excitedly*). He takes me for a domestic!

MME. M. What difference does it make to you? (*changing her tone*) Why have you deserted your post?

COLONEL. To inform you of the arrival of your young lady client. I duly installed her in the dressing-room, where she is putting a finishing touch to her crimps.

MME. M. Could you go and see why they don't send the ice-cream?

COLONEL (*nonplussed*). I am at your service.

MME. M. Unless some one goes, it may not come at all. Hurry it up, please.

COLONEL (*turning up stage*). So be it! I will hurry it up. (*suddenly returning*) But mind, I go as your friend!

MME. M. (*graciously*). As my very good and obliging friend.

COLONEL *kisses* MME. M.'s hand gallantly and exits at back, while AMELIA THOMPSON enters D. R.

Ah! there you are, my dear child. Permit me. (*kisses AMELIA's forehead*) Consider me as your mother! (*holding her at arm's length*) How lovely you are! I'm so sorry you didn't arrive five minutes earlier.

AMELIA (*in surprise*). Why?

MME. M. You would have met your god-father. He has just left me.

AMELIA (*quickly*). Indeed!

MME. M. Don't be alarmed; he will return. (*AMELIA starts*) And you never thought to invite him!

AMELIA (*embarrassed*). True, madame, I—

MME. M. (*smiling*). Ah, these youthful heads! Fortunately I am here; otherwise he and Mr. Strathmore would never become acquainted.

AMELIA (*nervously*). Do they wish to meet?

MME. M. Why, child! Of course your god-father wishes to meet his god-son-in-law that is to be. (*she laughs and turns up stage*.)

AMELIA (*aside*). Oh, what shall I do? How avert this terrible catastrophe?

Enter PETUNIA PLUMMER, at back, leaning upon the arm of a wild-looking Russian, whose breast is decorated with several orders.

MME. M. (*advancing*). Ah, my dear Petunia! So glad to see you! We've been awaiting your arrival with impatience.

PETUNIA. Permit me to present my good friend, Count Bluffski. Count, Madame Mirabella. (*aside to MME. M.*) He doesn't understand nor speak a word of English. Stupid as an owl.

MME. M. (*bowing graciously*). Count! (*the COUNT performs a profound salute in silence. To PETUNIA*) In Heaven's name, where did you discover this fossil?

PETUNIA. Oh, during one of my tours of exploration—found him in tow of a leader of fashion, wrested him from her clutches by reason of the little bad French which I speak and she doesn't, and here we are. I give it to you, my dear, for your cabinet, or to help out the Great Hindoo Secret.

MME. M. How about the title?

PETUNIA. Genuine.

MME. M. Any money?

PETUNIA. Doubtful.

MME. M. He's worth cultivating; but what is he good for?

PETUNIA. Oh, he can play whist by the hour. Can't we get up a game?

MME. M. Certainly. I ordered the Colonel to prepare several tables. Come with me. (*to AMELIA, who has seated herself upon the sofa*) Will you join us?

AMELIA. Thank you, no, madame.

MME. M. (*laughing*). Little rogue—she expects her lover! (*ceremoniously*) Count! (*the COUNT offers his arms to MME. M. and PETUNIA.*)

[*Exeunt all three, at back.*]

AMELIA (*nervously*). She tells me that he will be here—that this excellent god-father of mine insists upon knowing his future god-son-in-law! What touching solicitude! (*rises*) Ah, I am prepared to meet you, Mr. Browne! You shall know this precious husband of mine when it is too late to escape; and then we shall see whether you will dare to confess to him that it is to *you* he owes his happiness and the happiness of—your mother-in-law!

Enter ROBINSON, at back, and pauses.

ROB. She ought to have arrived by this time.

AMELIA (*perceiving him*). Ha! Robinson! To arms!

ROB (*perceiving her, and advancing*). At last I find you!

AMELIA (*quickly*). John Henry! (*lowering her eyes*) Mr. Robinson!

ROB. Nay, call me John Henry—'tis more harmonious.

AMELIA (*demurely*). Excuse me, sir. For the moment I seemed to lose my self-control.

ROB. Pray don't try to find it. Let there be no such thing as self-control between us *now*. (*takes her hand and leads her to the sofa.*)

AMELIA. Do you still wish to marry me?

ROB. Do I? (*aside*) She is a pink! (*aloud*) Of course I do.

AMELIA. In spite of the obstacles?

ROB. There are no longer any obstacles in our pathway. Yesterday I might have hesitated, but now that I know—what I know, I—

AMELIA. What do you know?

ROB. Nothing! 'Tis a family secret. You shall know all later—when you are my wife.

AMELIA. Your wife! (*sentimentally*) I shall be the wife of an honorable man! Ah! I had not dared to dream of such happiness.

ROB. Amelia!

AMELIA. You are not deceiving me? You are not jesting at the expense of a poor girl who reposes confidence in you, and who is prepared to brave all calumnies for the joy of wearing your name?

ROB (*starting*). What calumnies?

AMELIA. You don't understand? Ah, how unsophisticated you are!

ROB. (*flattered, aside*). She finds me unsophisticated!

AMELIA. One may see with half an eye that you are unacquainted with the world's ways.

ROB. (*apprehensively*). Think so?

AMELIA. Do you know what that world will say? It will find it strange that Amelia Thompson, still young and fair, should marry John Henry Robinson, who is neither—

ROB. (*starting*). Um--er--pardon me! A moment ago you said—

AMELIA. That is what the world will say.

ROB. Ah! Yes, of course.

AMELIA. But as John Henry Robinson enjoys an income of five thousand dollars, the mystery will be explained. The world has no idea that

Amelia Thompson has refused suitors four times richer, and that if she is attracted to Robinson by an irresistible sentiment, it is that his distinguished mien, his goodness of heart, his—I know not what——

ROB. I do, though.

AMELIA. You love me, then? Ah, I have nothing more to fear. (*changing her tone*) But come, let us leave this place. (*she rises.*)

ROB. What, leave here? Sha'n't we stay for the soirée? (*he rises.*)

AMELIA. Why should we? To be looked at, spied upon, and tracked by people who will tell your son-in-law——

ROB. (*starting*). My son-in-law! You are right; we had better go.

AMELIA. Still, if you wish to remain——

ROB. (*quickly*). No, no! I agree with you. Prudence is the sister of precaution. Let us go.

AMELIA (*turning up stage*). I will get my wraps; we will vanish without being seen, (*graciously*) and you shall escort me home.

[*Exit, R.*]

ROB. (*transported*). Isn't she just too sweet to live? And what intelligence! Why, she seemed to grasp the whole situation in the twinkling of an eye. The fact is, if I should encounter any friend of my son-in-law in this place, I——

Enter RUTHERFORD SMYTHE, at back, in full evening dress.

Ah!

RUTH. (*starting*). Oh!

ROB. You—here!

RUTH. What a strange fatality!

ROB. Explain——

RUTH. Why I am here? (*laughing*) Can't you guess?

ROB. No.

RUTH. Why, to sign the contract.

ROB. What contract?

RUTH. (*disgusted*). Imbecile!

ROB. (*comprehending*). Oh, yes, yes. Good enough! That imbecile's contract?

RUTH. Certainly—since it was through Madame Mirabella that I discovered him.

ROB. Then that is why I happened to meet you here yesterday?

RUTH. Of course.

ROB. And yet you told me that you had mistaken the door, you rascal!

RUTH. (*laughing*). Well, when a fellow is caught in the act, he has to offer some pretext.

ROB. I didn't have to. I met the Colonel—I take it you don't know the Colonel?

RUTH. Not at all.

ROB. He's a friend of Madame Mirabella. We were in college together; I hadn't seen him in thirty-five years, yet he straightway recognized me.

RUTH. After thirty-five years!

ROB. I haven't changed a particle—(*RUTHERFORD starts*) that is to say, very little. I have filled out, but the expression of the figure remains the same, you know. So, for old acquaintance' sake, the Colonel invited me to the soirée. At first I rather wanted to decline, but as I had nothing better to do——

RUTH. You accepted, and I am very happy to meet you.

ROB. Will you not show me this imbecile of yours?

RUTH. Certainly, with pleasure.

ROB. (*laughing*). He must have a great head.

RUTH. He probably has ; I haven't seen it.

ROB. What?

RUTH. No ; Madame Mirabella is going to present me, by and by.

ROB. Well, that is a joke! (*at this moment AMELIA opens D. R., but seeing the two men, she closes it precipitately*) Whew!

RUTH. (*turning suddenly*). Eh? What's the matter?

ROB. (*quickly*). Nothing—nothing! A guest made a mistake in the door, that's all.

CLEVERLY *suddenly appears at back.*

CLEV. Madame Mirabella! Where is Madame Mirabella? (*perceiving ROBINSON*) What—Robinson!

ROB. (*in surprise*). What—Cleverly!

RUTH. (*aside*). The uncle! What's he here for?

CLEV. (*to ROBINSON*). I'm just over from Hoboken; ran all over the place; inquired of everybody. Nobody knew him; nobody had ever seen such a man?

RUTH. Who?

CLEV. Philpot Browne.

RUTH. (*quickly*). Were you hunting for Philpot Browne?

CLEV. Yes.

RUTH. What were you after?

CLEV. His life!

RUTH. (*recoiling*). Great Scott!

ROB. (*to RUTHERFORD*). What's the matter with you?

RUTH. Muscular cramp—always have it when I wear a stand-up collar.

ROB. Then wear a turn-down collar. (*to CLEVERLY*) So you failed to find your man?

CLEV. Did you ever find a needle in a hay-mow?

RUTH. (*aside*). Would to Heaven I were in a hay-mow, tucked up out of sight, this minute!

ROB. (*aside*). Amelia must be waiting! I must get out of this somehow. (*turns up stage.*)

CLEV. (*detaining him*). But why is he hiding?

RUTH. (*absently*). That's what I want to find out.

CLEV. If he were simply the god-father, wouldn't he show himself?

ROB. Assuredly!

CLEV. Then he is an imposter! Titania has deceived me.

RUTH. (*aside*). What the devil is he talking about?

CLEV. (*passing to R.*). But I shall find him yet. Madame Mirabella shall tell me where he is!

ROB. Of course she shall! I'll go and look her up. (*turns up stage.*)

RUTH. (*rushing after him*). No, no! I—

ROB. Keep Mr. Cleverly company.

Enter THE COLONEL, at back.

COLONEL (*suavely*). I beg your pardon, gentlemen—

ROB. What is it now?

RUTH. (*aside, perceiving COLONEL*). Ha! that flunkey again. (*throws himself upon the sofa in such a way as not to be seen by COLONEL.*)

COLONEL (*to ROBINSON*). We are looking for some one to take a hand at whist; (*graciously*) will you oblige us?

ROB. Awfully sorry, but—(*tries to escape.*)

COLONEL (*detaining him, gently*). Oh, you can't refuse. I ask the favor in the name of Count Bluffski.

ROB. (*flattered*). What! Did Count Bluff—

COLONEL. I assure you he did. Come. (*takes his arm.*)

ROB. (*struggling*). No, no! You really must excuse me.

COLONEL (*leading him off, laughingly*). No, no! I cannot excuse you. (*calling off*) Here he is, Count—I have him!

[*They disappear at back.*]

RUTH. (*rising in haste, aside*). Now is my time to skip! (*turns up stage on tiptoe, and finds himself face to face with MADAME M., who enters at back.*)

MME. M. (*graciously*). Ah, Mr. Browne!

RUTH. (*aside*). Hooked at last!

CLEV. (*bounding to him*). Browne! Browne! Are you Philpot Browne? (*to MADAME M.*) Excuse me, madame, but I have imperative business with this gentleman.

MME. M. (*aside to RUTHERFORD*). Who is this individual?

RUTH. (*aside to MADAME M.*). He's a detective!

MME. M. (*terrified*). Mercy on me! (*she salutes hurriedly and vanishes.*)

CLEV. (*stupefied*). Do you mean to tell me that *you* are Philpot Browne?

RUTH. (*hesitating and smiling*). Well—that is—I'm connected with the Philpot Brownes on my mother's side.

CLEV. And can it be that you have known Titania?

RUTH. Who?

CLEV. Titania! (*violently*) Titania! Titania!

RUTH. (*puzzled*). No; I never knew a family of that name.

CLEV. (*aside*). I thought as much. Of course he's too young by twenty-five years. (*aloud*) Then perhaps your father—

RUTH. I beg your pardon?

CLEV. Your father may be the god-father?

RUTH. Whose god-father?

CLEV. Her daughter's god-father.

RUTH. Whose daughter?

CLEV. Titania's.

RUTH. (*violently*). I tell you I don't know Titania!

CLEV. Don't you know Amelia?

RUTH. Amelia—yes; but not Titania.

CLEV. Are you her brother?

RUTH. Titania's brother?

CLEV. No; Amelia's brother.

RUTH. Oh, what are you talking about? You're crazy!

CLEV. That's right; insult me. The father deceives, the son insults me!

RUTH. Has my father deceived you?

CLEV. Yes, sir; he allowed me to believe that the child was my child!

RUTH. What child?

CLEV. The child I adopted.

RUTH. (*astounded*). Have you adopted a child?

CLEV. Look here! Read the letter which Titania wrote me. (*producing letter and reading*) "Dearest Mortimer—If you have not lost all recollection of the wife who once passionately loved you—" Do you follow me?

RUTH. No.

CLEV. Nevertheless, sir, after the receipt of this letter I was her father?

RUTH. Whose father?

CLEV. Amelia's father!

RUTH. (*wildly*). You—her father! That caps the climax.

Enter MADAME MIRABELLA, R. D., followed by AMELIA.

MME. M. Come with me, my dear child, come with me. (*to RUTHERFORD*) Just fancy, she wants to go home!

CLEV. (*starting*). Amelia!

AMELIA (*starting*). Mr. Dickson!

RUTH. (*surprised*). Mr. Dickson!

AMELIA. Yes, the steward of our family.

RUTH. (*to CLEVERLY*). But you told me—

CLEV. (*to RUTHERFORD*). Hush!

MME. M. (*laughing*). I trust that Mr. Dickson will not seize Miss Thompson's dowry.

CLEV. (*puzzled*). I beg your pardon?

MME. M. I suppose you consider you have the right, (*smiling*) being a detective.

CLEV. (*astounded*). I—a detective!

MME. M. (*taking AMELIA'S arm*). But come, my dear, let us leave these gentlemen to their discussion.

AMELIA (*aside*). I only hope that Robinson has not deserted me.

MME. M. (*to RUTHERFORD, laughingly*). Mind, don't give him the five thousand, Mr. Browne. [*Exit, with AMELIA, at back.*]

CLEV. Don't give me the five thousand, eh? It is true, then, that it was you who dowered Amelia?

RUTH. (*stammering*). Ye-es. But don't believe—don't suppose that—

CLEV. By what right do you dower her, if you please?

RUTH. The right of a friend.

CLEV. Eh?

RUTH. The Family Friend.

CLEV. I don't understand.

RUTH. The Family Friend—er—is a society whose aim it is to dower poor young girls.

CLEV. Then Amelia has obtained—

RUTH. The first prize—five thousand dollars.

CLEV. Consequently she calls you her god-father.

RUTH. Exactly. There must be two god-fathers; I am one.

CLEV. Ah! I understand now.

RUTH. (*wiping his brow*). I believe I do too!

CLEV. Robinson will be a happy man!

RUTH. Robinson! (*aside*) I believe I don't understand after all.

CLEV. I too shall be happy.

RUTH. (*wearily*). Oh, we'll all be happy.

MRS. CLEVERLY appears at back, followed by VON VOGELSANG and the COLONEL.

CLEV. (*joyously*). Just think of it! At last I shall be able to acknowledge my daughter!

MRS. C. (*advancing*). What do I hear?

CLEV. (*turning and recoiling*). Great Cæsar! My wife!

COLONEL (*aside*). Now, who under the sun are these tramps?

MRS. C. (*to CLEVERLY*). So you have a daughter, sir?

CLEV. (*in despair*). Honoria, listen to me.

COLONEL (*approaching MRS. C.*). Pardon me, madam, but were you invited here this evening?

MRS. C. (*turning her back on COLONEL*). He has a daughter! (*to CLEVERLY*) This, then, explains your systematic desertion of the conjugal domicile!

CLEV. (*hopelessly*). I'll explain, if you will only let me.

MRS. C. This then explains your appointment in Hoboken?

COLONEL (*to VON VOGELSANG, who remains in the background*). Evening dress is the rule here, sir!

MRS. C. (*to CLEVERLY*). Don't deny it, for I followed you!

VON V. (*advancing*). We followed you!

MRS. C. (*wildly*). And this is the discovery I make after sixteen years of wedded life. My husband has a daughter!

CLEV. Honoria!

MRS. C. I forbid you to call me Honoria!

CLEV. (*in despair*). Oh!

RUTH. Calm yourself, Mrs. Cleverly.

MRS. C. That is out of the question. (*pointing to VON V.*) That gentleman has tried to calm me, but he has failed.

VON V. I have failed.

COLONEL. Who are these people anyway?

CLEV. (*approaching MRS. C.*). Permit me to explain.

MRS. C. Don't dare to approach me. (*throws herself upon the sofa.*)

CLEV. (*following her*). It was in 1855, during the Philadelphia Exposition, that I met an artiste, a great artiste—Titania.

COLONEL (*starting*). What do you say? Titania?

CLEV. You knew her?

COLONEL. Well, I should say I did.

CLEV. Then you, at least, will understand me. (*going to COLONEL*) It was in 1855, during the Philadelphia Exposition, that I was presented to Titania. Five years later I received the following letter: (*producing letter and reading*) "Dearest Mortimer—If you have not lost all recollection of——"

COLONEL. Good heavens!

CLEV. What's the matter?

COLONEL. That letter was intended for me! I am the father!

CLEV. (*aghast*). The father of Amelia Thompson! (*MRS. C. rises.*)

RUTH. (*horried*). Her father a flunkey! (*turns up stage.*)

COLONEL (*to CLEVERLY*). Give me my letter.

CLEV. But your Christian name is Harry!

COLONEL. Harry for men—(*sentimentally*) Mortimer for ladies! This letter was sent me by the hand of a confidential servant, but unfortunately I had departed for the Indies, and was reported to have been shipwrecked. Then, I suppose, my wife thought of you.

CLEV. Your wife! She was *my* wife.

MRS. C. (*wildly*). His wife!

COLONEL. I was Titania's first husband. She married you after hearing that I was at the bottom of the sea. But my daughter! Where is my daughter?

Enter MADAME MIRABELLA, at back.

Ah, madame, if you only knew——

MME. M. Knew what?

COLONEL. I have found my child! (*to CLEVERLY*) Where is she?

CLEV. (*indifferently*). I'm sure I don't know.

COLONEL. What! You don't know? But I hold you responsible.

CLEV. (*shrugging his shoulders*). I beg your pardon; I have nothing whatever to do with the matter. Address yourself to madame.

MME. M. To me?

CLEV. Amelia was with you a moment ago.

MME. M. What! That dear child——

COLONEL. What dear child?

MME. M. Why, my new client's, (*pointing to RUTHERFORD*) that gentleman's, god-daughter.

COLONEL. Is it possible?

MME. M. It was he who dowered her.

MRS. C. Eh? What's that?

RUTH. In the name of an association.

CLEV. (*to COLONEL*). And she obtained the first prize.

COLONEL (*embracing RUTHERFORD*). My dear sir, how shall I express my gratitude!

RUTH. (*patronizingly*). That's all right, my friend. (*aside*) Deucedly familiar!

COLONEL. But where is the dear child? I long so to embrace her!

MME. M. I thought she followed me, but——

COLONEL. I will go and seek her.

[*Exit at back. RUTHERFORD turns up stage.*]

MME. M. (*detaining RUTHERFORD*). Remain, Mr. Browne; I have announced your arrival to Mr. Strathmore, and as soon as he has finished his game with Count Bluffski—Ah, here he is!

Enter ROBINSON, at back, in a state of irritation.

ROB. There! I've had enough of your Count Bluffski!

MME. M. (*advancing*). Mr. Philpot Browne, permit me to present Mr. St. George Strath——

RUTH. (*recoiling*). My conscience!

ROB. My son-in-law!

RUTH. My father-in-law!

ALL. What! (*general consternation.*)

ROB. (*severely*). Are *you* Philpot Browne? (*RUTHERFORD makes no reply*) Then the imbecile, I suppose, is——

RUTH. (*aside*). Heaven help me!

ROB. I understand. Ladies and gentlemen, this person has sought to marry me to a discarded sweetheart!

ALL. Oh!

MME. M. Is it possible?

ROB. And yet he sought to marry my daughter!

VON V. What an enormity!

RUTH. (*to VON V., furiously*). Silence! Who spoke to you?

MME. M. Gentlemen, in mercy's name, no scandal! (*turns up stage and lovers portieres.*)

ROB. (*exasperated*). Treat me like an imbecile!

RUTH. Pardon me, I——

ROB. Juggle with my gray hairs!

RUTH. I juggle——

ROB. (*becoming more excited*). With the honor of a father, the innocence of a young girl, with all that is pure and most sacred!

RUTH. (*becoming angry in his turn*). Well, you had no right to think of marrying.

ROB. (*furious*). No right to marry! Why not, if you please?

RUTH. Because you're a widower, and you ought to remain so. Then think of your age!

MRS. C. That is true, John Henry; your age is—

ROB. (*wildly*). Insolence!

MME. M. (*interrupting*). Gentlemen! gentlemen!

MRS. C. (*to RUTHERFORD*). Remember, he is your father-in-law! (*to ROBINSON*) He is your son-in-law!

ROB. (*violently*). My son-in-law! Never!

RUTH. Are you mad enough to suppose that I would own him for a father-in-law?

ROB. I could find fifteen—yes, thirty, better sons-in-law than you!

RUTH. Try it and see.

ROB. Yes, and without going so very far, either.

VON V. Without leaving the room, sir!

ROB. (*suddenly*). Stay! An idea strikes me. (*crossing to table near which MME. M. stands.*)

VON V. (*following him*). I am twenty-eight years old; belong to an honorable family; my father—

ROB. (*repulsing Von V. and striking the table a tremendous blow*). Write at my dictation, madame!

MME. M. (*seating herself and opening her register*). At your service, sir.

ROB. Write! (*general flutter of excitement*). "Maud Robinson—only daughter—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars dowry—"

RUTH. I beg your pardon—one hundred.

ROB. I said one hundred and fifty.

RUTH. Since when?

ROB. I refuse to have anything to say to you, sir.—"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with expectations, (*RUTHERFORD starts*) which are likely to be realized in a short time." (*glancing proudly about him*) If under the circumstances Madame Mirabella fails to secure me a son-in-law, (*recklessly*) I shall doubt that the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move, doubt truth to be a liar, and all the rest of it! (*turns up stage.*)

RUTH. (*advancing*). Now write at my dictation, madame.

MME. M. You too! (*aside*) My business is booming.

RUTH. "Rutherford Smythe—age thirty-two—(*proudly*) secretary to the Board of Public Works—"

ROB. Humph! You haven't been confirmed yet.

RUTH. I beg your pardon—my election was confirmed yesterday. (*ROBINSON starts*) "Age thirty-two—secretary to the Board of Public Works, and sole heir to the estate of my maternal uncle, Philpot Browne Rutherford."

ROB. (*astounded*). What! Has the old man passed in his checks?

RUTH. He has passed them over to me.

ROB. (*precipitately*). I give you my daughter!

RUTH. (*airily*). I refuse to have anything to say to you, sir!

Enter THE COLONEL, at back, leading AMELIA by the hand, and followed by PETUNIA PLUMMER and COUNT BLUFFSKI.

COLONEL (*advancing to ROBINSON*). Well, Robinson, I bring you your fiancée. (*a pause*) You don't seem to be in any haste to claim her.

ROB. No, sir; the young lady must understand now that this marriage is impossible.

COLONEL (*starting*). Impossible?

ROB. I will say no more, (*taking CLEVERLY's hand*) out of regard for her father.

COLONEL. Out of regard for me?

ROB. (*starting*). Eh?

CLIV. (*sadly*). Yes, my dear brother-in-law, it appears that I have been mistaken.

ROB. Explain yourself.

AMELIA (*advancing*). There is no need of explanation. (*pointing to CLEVERLY*) That gentleman has nothing to explain, since the refusal comes not from him. I, and I alone, renounce the marriage negotiated by Madame Mirabella and (*pointing to RUTHERFORD*) that person.

RUTH. By Jove! that was well done.

AMELIA. I never had the slightest intention of marrying Mr. Robinson.

ROB. (*injured*). Oh, come now.

AMELIA. I only wished to teach a lesson to egotists, (*glancing at RUTHERFORD*) who fancy that wounds of the heart may be healed with bank-notes, and that a little gold-dust will suffice to extinguish the flame of love!

RUTH. (*aside*). Superb!

MRS. C. (*to CLEVERLY*). Make a note of that.

CLEV. With pleasure, my love.

AMELIA. I freely grant Mr. Robinson his liberty, and return to Mr. Philipot Browne Rutherford Smythe his five thousand dollars.

COLONEL. Bravo!

MRS. C. But, my dear, you'll never get a husband without a dowry.

AMELIA. Then I'll do without one, my dear madam, which may be the cheapest in the end.

MME. M. (*rising suddenly, as if inspired*). List to the oracle! My dear child, I believe I divine the secret motives which actuate your conduct.

COLONEL. Love secrets?

MME. M. Precisely. And I wish to avail myself of this opportunity of publicly proving that the Great Hindoo Secret is not alone confined to consummating wealthy marriages, but may make true lovers one as well. (*throwing open L. D. mysteriously*) Awake! Come forth!

Enter THE UNKNOWN.

UNKNOWN (*saluting*). Ladies! Gentlemen!

MME. M. (*to UNKNOWN*). My dear sir, I promised you that on the day that I presented you with a wife, you should receive her from my hands. (*presenting AMELIA*) Accept this lady!

UNKNOWN (*hesitating*). But, madame—

ROB. (*aside to UNKNOWN*). Don't let your chance slip!

RUTH. (*aside to UNKNOWN*). Take her, and God bless you!

UNKNOWN (*to COLONEL*). Will you give her to me, Colonel?

COLONEL. If she loves you.

UNKNOWN (*to AMELIA*). Do you, my darling?

ALL (*in surprise*). His darling!

AMELIA. Not in that rig, my dear Bertie.

ALL (*stupefied*). Her dear Bertie!

Taking off his coat, wig and spectacles, THE UNKNOWN appears an elegant young man in full evening dress.

UNKNOWN (*taking AMELIA'S hand*). Then take me as I am—Herbert St. Elmo Van Renselaer!

ROB. (*amazed*). What! Of Van Renselaer & Van Renselaer?

UNKNOWN. Junior partner.

COLONEL. And worth his weight in gold! (*pirouettes about stage*.)

RUTH. (*disgusted*). Humph! He's got a dancing-master for a father-in-law.

MRS. C. (*patronizingly*). But, my dear sweet child, are you really engaged? (*AMELIA nods*) How long has it been?

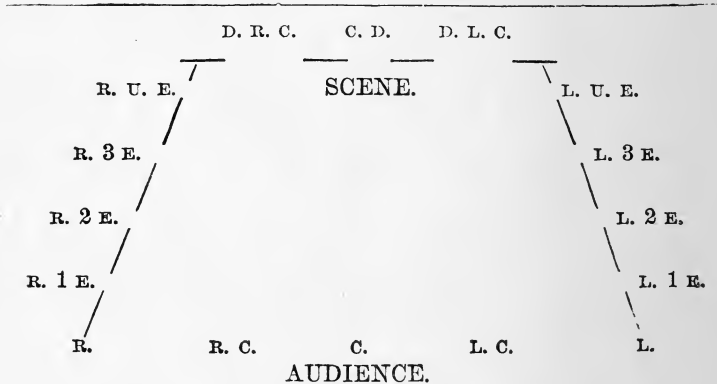
AMELIA. Oh, some six weeks.

MME. M. (*advancing quickly to AMELIA'S side*). Hush, hush, my dear; pray don't expose me. You've had your revenge; (*to the audience*) and how many of our good friends here would patronize me, were you to divulge the true inwardness of the Great Hindoo Secret?

CURTAIN.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



C.	Centre.	L.	Left.
R.	Right.	L. C.	Left Centre.
R. C.	Right Centre.	L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.
R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.	L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.
R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.	L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.
R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.	L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance.
R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.	C. D.	Centre Door.
D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.	D. L. C.	Door Left Centre.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

☞ Please notice that nearly all the Comedies, Farces and Comediettas in the following List of "DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS" are very suitable for representation in small Amateur Theatres and on Parlor Stages, as they need but little extrinsic aid from complex scenery or expensive costumes. They have attained their deserved popularity by their droll situations, excellent plots, great humor and brilliant dialogues, no less than by the fact that they are the most perfect in every respect of any edition of plays ever published either in the United States or Europe, whether as regards purity of text, accuracy and fullness of stage directions and scenery, or elegance of typography and clearness of printing.

* * In ordering please copy the figures at the commencement of each piece, which indicate the number of the piece in "DE WITT'S LIST OF ACTING PLAYS."

☞ Any of the following Plays sent, postage free, on receipt of price—*Fifteen Cents* each.

☞ The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Acts. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. male; F. female.


	M.	F.		M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	242. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act....	3	2
231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	248. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts	8	6
308. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	2	107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act	3	3	152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act..	1	1
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts....	7	3	52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1
93. Area Belle, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta,		
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	1 act.....	2	1
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3	113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4
158. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4
237. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act.....	4	1	286. Daisy Farm, drama, 4 acts.....	10	4
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act..	4	2
310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a.	6	2	22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act	4	2
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act..	4	3
223. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	58. Deborah (Leah), drama, 3 acts.....	7	6
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1
279. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts....	14	2	71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3
296. Black and White, drama, 3 acts....	6	3	142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	204. Drawing Room Car(A), comedy, 1 act	2	1
179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts..	5	2	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta..	4	8	260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts	6	3
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	240. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a.	15	5
261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts.....	11	6	263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts....	13	5
226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act....	2	1	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act....	4	2
199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act.....	6	2	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act....	5	2
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical bur-		
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts..	11	5	lesque, 1 act.....	8	1
55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts.....	12	5	202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts....	11	3
59. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act....	4	1	315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act.....	1	1
80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	297. English Gentleman (An), comedy-		
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	drama, 4 acts.....	7	4
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a.	9	3	200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
319. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts.....	5	2	135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts	6	5
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act..	3	2	230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts..	5	2
205. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act.....	1	1	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts	9	7
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
			101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
			99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
			262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts.....	13	4
			145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
			102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
			88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

	M.	F.		M.	F.
259. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts	6	3	109. Locked in, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	2
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a..	3	1	85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch....	1	1
74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4	87. Locked Out, comic scene.....	1	1
53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act. 4	2		143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act..	4	2
73. Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11	4		212. London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts.10	3	
30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,			291. M. P., comedy, 4 acts.....	7	2
1 act.....	5	3	210. Mabel's Manœuvre, interlude, 1 act 1	3	
131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.....	10	3
276. Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a. 5	1		154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts..	8	6
306. Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts..	8	5	63. Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act..	5	3
277. Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw,			249. Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts..	3	4
farce, 1 act.....	4	2	208. Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a..	3	2
203. Heir Apparent (The), farce, 1 act..	5	1	39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act 4	2	
241. Handy Andy, drama, 2 acts.....	10	3	7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.....	5	3
23. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1	49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.....	8	2
151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	2	15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.....	4	2
8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3	46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.....	5	2
180. Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts..	38	5	51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
93. Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act..	2	2	302. Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act.....	2	2
19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.....	17	3
30. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5	250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1a. 4	3	
91. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	3	312. More Sinned against than Sinning,		
46. High Life Below Stairs, farce, 2 acts.	9	5	original Irish drama, 4 acts.....	11	
361. Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.....	12	7	234. Morning Call (A), comedietta, 1 act. 1	1	
224. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.....	5	3	108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.....	3	3
187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.....	3	3
174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3	169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
211. Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1. 2			216. My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act....	3	3
64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1	236. My Turn Next, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
190. Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act..	4	1	193. My Walking Photograph, musical		
197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	13	2	duality, 1 act.....	1	1
225. Ici on Parle Français, farce, 1 act..	3	4	267. My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act.....	3	4
252. Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts..	6	1	130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.....	3	1
18. If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4	3	92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.....	2	2
216. I'm not Meself at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3	2	213. Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts..	4	2
129. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	140. Never Reckon your Chickens, etc.,		
159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act..	4	2	farce, 1 act.....	3	4
278. Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts.	8	2	115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8	5
282. Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act....	9	3	2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.....	18	3
273. Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts..	6	3	57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.....	4	4
243. Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.....	8	3	104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.....	7	5
271. Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.....	9	3	112. Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act....	3	3
244. Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	2	298. Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act.....	4	4
270. Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	1	185. Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts.13	3	
274. Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts...	7	1	84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.....	10	6
122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4	117. Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama,		
177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1	3 acts.....	5	4
100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2	171. Nothing like Paste, farce, 1 act....	3	1
299. Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts.....	26	6	14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts....	13	6
139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts..	3	3	300. Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts.....	11	8
17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	4	269. Object of Interest (An), farce, 1 act. 4	3	
233. Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act..	2	3	268. Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act. 3	3	
309. Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7	2	173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act....	3	3
86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5	227. Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	4
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.....	11	5	176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act..	1	2
72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2	254. One Too Many, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts.12	3		43. One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act 2	3	
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act..	3	2	3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	4
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act..	1	1	90. Only a Halpenny, farce, 1 act.....	2	2
253. Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5	3	170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.....	7	2	289. On the Jury, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.....	14	5	97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act 3	3	
239. Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act....	5	2	66. Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts.....	18	4
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act..	2	4	209. Othello, tragedy, 5 acts.....	16	2
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.....	6	3
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.....	6	6	94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.....	7	5
295. Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts.....	8	8	45. Our Domestic, comedy-farce, 2 acts	6	6
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act....	3	2	155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts..	24	5
228. Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1	4	1	178. Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts.....	17	5

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

	M. F.		M. F.
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.....	11 5	257. Ten Nights in a Bar Room, drama,	
303. Pair of Shoes (A), farce, 1 act.....	4 3	5 acts.....	8 2
285. Partners for Life, comedy, 3 acts.....	7 4	146. There's no Smoke without Fire,	
156. Peace at any Price, farce, 1 act.....	1 1	comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4	83. Thrice Married, personation piece,	
127. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.....	3 10	1 act.....	6 1
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza,		245. Thumping Legacy (A), 1 act.....	7 1
1 act.....	15 24	251. Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts.	9 3
293. Philomel, romantic drama, 3 acts....	6 4	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	27. Time and Tide, drama, 4 acts.....	7 5
61. Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts....	7 2	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act	4 2
138. Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1a.	10 3	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die,	
217. Poor Pillicoddy, farce, 1 act.....	2 3	farce, 1 act.....	2 1
110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1a.	3 6	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1	3 2
50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.....	8 2	272. Toodles (The), drama, 2 acts.....	10 2
59. Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.....	5 3	235. To Oblige Benson, comedietta, 1 act	3 2
95. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce.....	3 10	238. Trying It On, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
280. Pretty Piece of Business (A), come-		29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act..	5 3
dy, 1 act.....	2 3	214. Turn Him Out, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
181. 182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.....	37 9	163. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts....	4 2
196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic		126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.....	6 3
operetta, 1 act.....	1 1	234. 'Twixt Axe and Crown, play, 5 acts.	24 13
255. Quiet Family, farce, 1 act.....	4 4	198. Twin Sisters, comic operetta, 1 act.	2 2
157. Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act....	5 2	265. Two Bonnycastles, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.....	10	220. Two Buzzards (The), farce, 1 act....	3 2
237. Regular Fix (A), farce, 1 act.....	6 4	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act....	3
183. Richelleu, play, 5 acts.....	12 2	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.....	4 4
38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.....	10 2	288. Two Roses (The), comedy, 3 acts....	7 4
77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts.....	8 4	292. Two Thorns (The), comedy, 4 acts..	9 4
316. Romeo on the Gridiron (A), mono-		294. Uncle Dick's Darling, drama, 3 acts	6 5
logue, for a lady.....	1	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.....	2 1
195. Rosemi Shell, burlesque, 4 scenes..	6 3	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act	6 2
247. Rough Diamond (The), farce, 1 act.	6 3	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.....	7 4	317. Veteran of 1812 (The), romantic mil-	
13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4	itary drama, 5 acts.....	12 2
229. Sarah's Young Man, farce, 1 act.....	3 3	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.....	6 6
158. School, comedy, 4 acts.....	6 6	91. Walpole, comedy in rhyme.....	7 2
201. School for Scandal, comedy, 5 acts..	13 4	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	2 1
264. Scrap of Paper (A), comic drama, 3a.	6 6	231. Wanted, One Thousand Spirited	
79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1a.	7 5	Young Milliners for the Gold Re-	
203. She Stoops to Conquer, comedy, 5a.	15 4	gions, farce, 1 act.....	3 7
37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts	5 4
35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.....	2 1	311. What Tears can do, comedietta, 1a.	3 2
213. Single Married Man (A), comic ope-		105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1a..	2 16
retta, 1 act.....	6 2	266. Who Killed Cock Robin? farce, 2a..	2 2
43. Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act..	7 2	93. Who is Who? farce.....	3 2
6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act..	2 1	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.....	4 4
221. Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 act....	5 2	213. Widow (The), comedy, 3 acts.....	7 6
10. Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act....	1 1	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, bur-	
25. Society, comedy, 3 acts.....	16 5	lesque.....	8 2
207. Sold Again, comic operetta, 1 act....	3 1	{ Window Curtain, monologue....	1
304. Sparking, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2	314. { Circumstantial Evidence ".....	1
78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act..	7 3	136. Woman in Red, drama, 4 acts.....	6 8
215. Still Waters Run Deep, comedy, 3a.	9 2	161. Woman's Vows and Masons' Oaths,	
256. Sweethearts, dramatic contrast, 2a..	2 2	drama, 4 acts.....	10 4
232. Tail (Tale) of a Shark, musical mon-		11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2a..	4 4
ologue, 1 scene.....	1	290. Wrong Man in the Right Place (A),	
31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.....	3	farce, 1 act.....	2 3
150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act..	1 2	54. Young Collegian, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act	2 1		

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
33. Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1	81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	
94. Julius the Snoozer, burlesque, 3 sc.	6	1	26. Rival Tenants, sketch.....	4	
103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act,			138. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethio-		
1 scene.....	1	1	pian farce, 1 scene.....	6	1
1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch	3	1	15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1	59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes..	5	1
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes.....	4	1	21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes....	3	3
60. Lost Will, sketch.....	4		80. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch,		
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes.....	3	2	2 scenes.....	6	
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene.....	3		84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes....	7	
109. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes.....	4		33. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes....	5	
19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene.	3		74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes....	3	
149. 'Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene..	3	1	46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1
151. Micky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene..	5		69. Squire for a Day, sketch.....	5	1
96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene .	6	1	56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude, 1 sc.	2	1
147. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian			72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene.....	1	2
sketch, 1 scene.....	2	2	13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc..	6	
129. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccen-			16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene.	5	
tricity, 2 scenes	4	5	7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene....	2	
101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical			121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro		
sketch, 1 scene	1	1	duologue, 1 scene.....	2	
117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act.....	4		47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc.	2	
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene.....	3		54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes . . .	4		100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene.	6	
119. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc.	6	1	102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes....	3	1
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 sc.	2		34. Three Strings to one Bow, sketch,		
132. Noble Savage, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc..	4		1 scene	4	1
145. No Pay No Cure, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	5		122. Ticket Taker, Ethi'n farce, 1 scene.	3	
22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene....	2	1	2. Tricks, sketch.....	5	2
27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch.....	7	1	104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene..	5	
125. Oh, Hush! operatic olio.....	4	1	5. Two Black Roses, sketch.....	4	1
30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch..	7		28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc..	3	1
114. One Night in a Medical College,			134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene..	4	1
Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	7	1	62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene....	6	1
76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene..	7		32. Wake up, William Henry, sketch... 3		
91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene.	5		39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene..	4	
87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and			75. Weston, the Walkist, Dutch sketch,		
Irish sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1	1 scene.....	7	1
135. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian			93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene.	7	1
sketch, 1 scene	5	1	29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene..	3	1
92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene....	4	1	97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene....	4	
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene.....	7		137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch,		
57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc..	6		1 scene.....	2	1
65. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene..	6	1	143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethio-		
66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch....	2	1	pian sketch, 1 scene.....	4	1
115. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene.	2	3	99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place,		
14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act....	5		sketch, 2 scenes	2	2
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc..	3	1	85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene..	3	
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc.	6		116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene..	5	
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc... 3					



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